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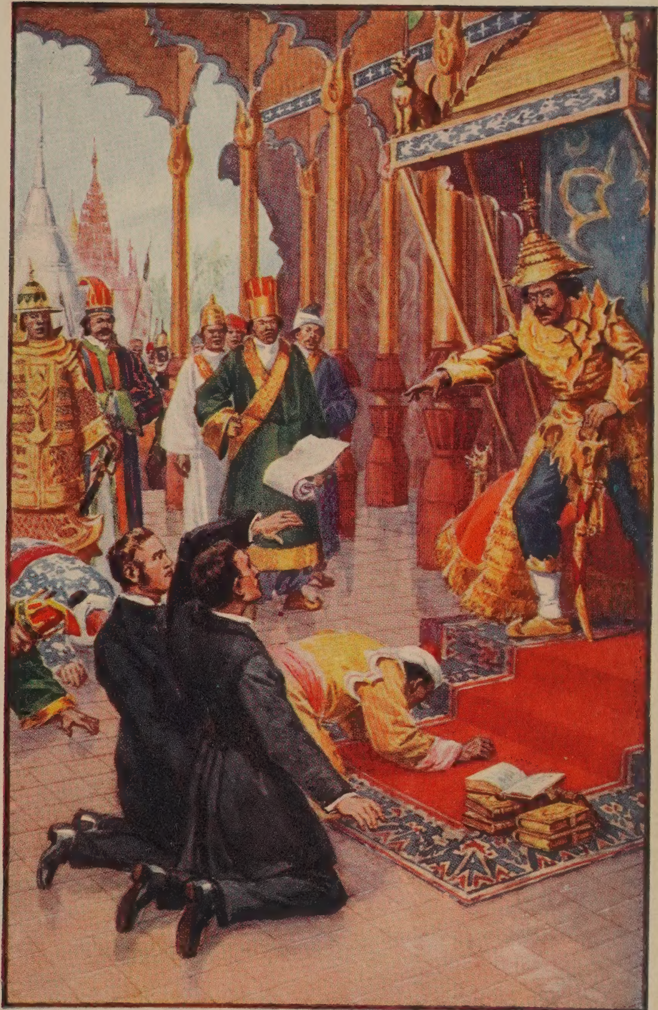
Judson, the hero of Burma



A CURT DISMISSAL BY THE EMPEROR OF BURMA.

After reading Judson's petition that all Christians might be exempt from molestation, the Emperor disdainfully threw it to the ground.

JUDSON
THE HERO OF BURMA

THE STIRRING LIFE STORY OF THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO THE BURMESE TOLD FOR BOYS & GIRLS

BY

JESSE PAGE, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF
"THE BLACK BISHOP" "THE LAND OF THE PEAKS
AND THE PAMPAS" &c. &c.

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FOREWORD

COURAGE never fails to kindle a brave heart, and the stirring story of one who for the welfare of others faced every peril, short of death itself, will not be readily forgotten.

Judson was such a man, and there is hardly another name in the bede-roll of missionary biography who dared more dangers and suffered with a nobler spirit than he. Every worker in the foreign field to-day must expect some hardships and welcome opportunities for self-sacrifice, but the pains and penalties of missionary effort were much greater a hundred years ago. Every man who then went forth to preach the Gospel to the heathen was of necessity a pioneer and a pathfinder, who had often to take his life in his hand.

A century makes such a difference. When Judson went to Burma, the white man was treated with cruelty and contempt; to-day the British flag flies over its capital city. In those times of old the missionary worked and waited six years for his first convert, now Christianity is everywhere in evidence, worshippers singing our hymns and reading our Bible in their own musical and curious tongue. In his day human life was held as dirt cheap, and the will of a despot crushed a patient and suffering people, but now law and good government guarantee liberty of conscience, civil freedom, and the blessings of peace. Still, the battle of the Cross in Burma is not yet won. Much there is yet to do, but in God's good time the mists of Buddhism will one day be dispelled. When we look at the progress made and the enlightenment of the Burmese already, we cannot fail to remember with gratitude the brave labours of Judson, who led the way.

How he did it and what eventful steps led a frail and bookish schoolboy to choose so great a destiny and endure such hardness in Christian soldiership, these pages essay to tell. To make this possible, a careful perusal of much material has been made, the biography written by his son, happily still alive, the records of some of his letters and journal notes, and the precious correspondence of his first wife, which portray, with the power of an artist, the tragic events of his earlier experiences. For what is left to us of such old and valuable records we are grateful enough, but the loss of so much more is a tragedy of what might have been.

Judson was a most industrious writer as well as translator, and never failed to make full notes of facts and impressions, throughout his unwearied and eventful life. During his imprisonment at Ava, Mrs. Judson was impelled from prudential motives to destroy every scrap of his writings, except, of course, the precious MS. of the Burmese Bible. When the house of his friend, Mr. Stevens, was burnt down at Maulmain many valuable MSS. of Judson's were reduced to ashes. All his correspondence with Dr. Stoughton perished in the shipwreck of a vessel, and another large packet of his letters, written to his missionary brethren in Burma, was lost by the foundering of a ship on its way to America. And, as if this was not enough, Judson himself, from conscientious views of duty, caused to be destroyed all his early letters written to his family, together with every scrap of paper of a personal character. What we have lost! But it is no use crying over spilt possibilities. We wish we had more, but we are thankful for what we have and know about this remarkable and heroic personality. His memory and service have proved a motive power in every good effort, not only among the olive-skinned natives under the palm trees of Burma, but wherever the standard-bearers of the Cross have gone forward.

It may be that some young eyes will glisten and ardent hearts beat quicker at the recital of such splendid deeds, and he who tells the story earnestly hopes that the spirit of Judson may inspire such to seek the sword of Christian chivalry and follow in his train.

JESSE PAGE.

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JUDSON, THE HERO OF BURMA

CHAPTER I

A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOLBOY

TWO gallant little ships, the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*, whose sails are still seen on the horizon of history, had already carried the Pilgrim Fathers to their new home across the Atlantic, seeking on the shores of another land the freedom of worship and conscience which was denied them in their own. This was the first birthday of the United States of America. Fourteen years after, in 1634, another vessel sailed thither, carrying among her passengers some more exiles, one being a man from Yorkshire named William Judson, and by his side on the deck stood his three strong sons —Joseph, Jeremiah and Joshua, in name and nature of good Puritan stock. This Joseph was then a youth of fifteen, and his son John settled at Concord, in New England, and in turn was the father of Jonathan Judson, the great-grandfather of Adoniram, the famous missionary. Having now traced his ancestry, of which he had nothing to be ashamed, let us now go back, through the long lanes and bypaths of many years, and look at the place where the boy was born.

It is in New England of the olden time, all so fresh and young to these sturdy Puritans, but to us like another world in the retrospect of to-day. A time of quiet villages and apple orchards beautiful in blossoms, of woods undisturbed by any strange sound save the click of the axe, with perhaps the song of a psalm. On Sunday mornings little groups of serious worshippers, in broad white collars and neat capes, calling each other "thee" and "thou," are seen wending their quiet way to the simple meeting-house behind the hill. These men and women had never seen an engine or heard the shrill scream of a rushing train, their games were few, if any, and of books they had what we should count a scanty library; but those big brass-bound Bibles, which they carried so reverently, were their constant and helpful friends and counsellors. They had worked hard but very happily, they breathed the air of freedom, to think and pray and preach as they chose, but they did not forget the old country, the home of their fathers. And in memory of the land, the dear homeland which they had left, they gave good old English names to their new towns and villages, for instance, Boston after the Lincolnshire town, with its high church tower and famous stump of a tree on the top. Not far from this new Boston, one day to become the historic starting-point of a great war of independence, was the little suburban village of Malden, and here the little boy Adoniram first saw the light. His father was a Congregationalist minister of the meeting-house there, and we get a glance of the staid old man as, on the 9th August 1788, they tell him the good news that a son was born to bear his name. A tall, white-haired figure, as the years went by, very quiet and taciturn in his manner, rather, it is said, "fitted to command than to obey," and commander-in-chief of his church and household, in the old-fashioned patriarchal way. A man of few words and decided views on things, kept his house in order and made his boys obey, withal a personality of high principle, against whose Christian character no one could say a word of dispraise. This also can be remembered of him, that his son loved him greatly, and that in this father's heart there was first that bit of pride and ambition which recognised that the boy had great qualities, and a future lay before him.

But it is again the old story that the boy who makes his mark in the world, especially in the highest sphere of Christian usefulness, owes much, so very much, to his mother. It was at her knee that little Adoniram first learnt his letters, and it is said that when only three years old, he had made such progress in reading that when his father returned one day from a short visit elsewhere the boy astonished and pleased him mightily by reading a whole chapter of the Bible. Indeed, his father encouraged the boy so much that while still only a tiny youngster of four years old, he was wont to gather the village children together, presumably on Sundays, to play at church, he, of course, being the minister and generally giving out with due solemnity his favourite hymn, beginning, "Go preach My Gospel, saith the Lord." However much he may have delighted his parents and been the admiration of the little world of Malden society, it must be admitted that he was a most precocious boy. One would naturally like to see him racing over the fields, or playing leap-frog, if the Puritan schoolboys did such a merry thing, but these frolics we must only imagine and hope for, because it is the extraordinary achievements of study in these early days which are left on record. These, however, are very interesting and have happily been preserved, and here are the reminiscences from the pen of Mrs. S. C. Judson:

"Adoniram was about seven years old, when, having been duly instructed that the earth is a spherical body, and that it revolves round the sun, it became a serious question to his mind, whether or not the sun moved at all. He might have settled the point by asking his father or mother; but that would have spoiled all his pleasant speculations, and probably would have been the very last thing to occur to him. His little sister, whom he alone consulted, said the sun did move, for she could see it; but he had learned already, in this matter, to distrust the evidence of his senses, and he talked so wisely about positive proof, that she was astonished and silenced. Soon after this, he was one day missed about midday, and as he had not been seen for several hours, his father became uneasy and went in search of him. He was found in a field, at some distance from the house, stretched on his back, his hat, with a circular hole cut in the crown, laid over his face, and his swollen eyes almost blinded with the intense light and heat. He only told his father that he was looking at the sun, but he assured his sister that he had solved the problem with regard to the sun's moving, though she never could comprehend the process by which he arrived at that result.

"He was noted among his companions for uncommon acuteness in the solution of charades and enigmas, and retained a great store of them in his memory for the purpose of puzzling his schoolfellows. On one occasion he found in a newspaper an enigma rather boastfully set forth and accompanied by a challenge for a solution. He felt very sure that he had 'guessed riddles as hard as that,' and gave himself no rest until he had discovered a satisfactory answer. This he copied out in as fair a hand as possible, addressed it to the editor and, with no confidante but his sister, conveyed it to the post office. But the postmaster supposed it to be some mischievous prank of the minister's son, and he accordingly placed the letter in the hands of the father. The poor boy's surprise and discomfiture may be imagined when he saw it paraded on the table after tea. 'Is that yours, Adoniram?' 'Yes, sir.' 'How came you to write it?' Silence. 'What is it about?' Falteringly, 'Please read it, father!' 'I don't read other people's letters. Break the seal and read it yourself.' Adoniram broke the seal and mumbled over the contents, then placed the letter in his father's hands. He read it, called for the newspaper which had suggested it, and after reading and re-reading both, laid them on the table, crossed his hands on his knees, and looked intently into the fire. Meantime, Adoniram stood silently watching his countenance, speculating on the chances of his being treated as a culprit or praised for his acuteness. But the father woke from his reverie, the subject of conversation was changed and the letter never heard of afterwards. The next morning, Adoniram's father gravely informed him that he had purchased for his use a book of riddles, a very common one, but, as soon as he had solved all that it contained, he should have even more difficult books. ‘You are a very acute boy, Adoniram,’ he added, patting him on the head with unusual affection, ‘and I expect you to become a great man.’ Adoniram seized upon the book of riddles joyfully, and was a good deal surprised and disappointed to find it the veritable arithmetic which the larger boys in Master Dodge’s school were studying. But then his father had praised him, and if there was anything puzzling in the arithmetic, he was sure he should like it; and so he prepared to enter upon the study with alacrity.

“Before reaching his tenth year he had gained quite a reputation for good scholarship, especially in arithmetic. A gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of Beverley sent him a problem, with the offer of a dollar for the solution. Adoniram immediately shut himself in his chamber. The reward was tempting; but, more important still, his reputation was at stake. On the morning of the second day he was called from his seclusion to amuse his little brother, who was ill. He went reluctantly, but without murmuring, for the government of his parents was of a nature that no child could think of resisting. His task was to build a cob-house. He laid an unusually strong foundation, with unaccountable slowness and hesitation, and was very deliberately proceeding with the superstructure, when suddenly he exclaimed, 'That's it; I've got it!' and sending the materials for the half built house rolling about the room, he hurried off to his chamber to record the result. The problem was solved, the dollar was won and the boy's reputation established.

"At the age of ten, he was sent to one Captain Morton, of whom he took lessons in navigation, in which he is said to have made decided progress. In the grammar-school he was noted for his proficiency in the Greek language. His schoolmates nicknamed him Virgil or (in allusion to the peculiar style of the hat which he wore, as well as his studious habits) 'old Virgil dug up.' As a boy he was spirited, self-confident, and exceedingly enthusiastic, very active and energetic, but fonder of his books than of play. His sister has a vivid recollection of his affectionate tenderness toward her, and of his great kindness to inferior animals. He was very fond of desultory reading; and as there were no books for children at that period he determined between the books of theology found in his father's library and the novels of Richardson and Fielding, or the plays of Ben Jonson, which he was able to borrow in the neighbourhood. It is not probable that his father encouraged this latter class of reading; but the habits of self-dependence, which he had thought proper to cultivate in his son, left his hours of leisure mostly untrammelled; and seeing the greediness with which the boy occasionally devoured books of the gravest character, it very likely had not occurred to him that he could feel the least possible interest in any work of the imagination.

"Before Adoniram was twelve years of age, he had heard visitors at his father's talk a great deal of a new exposition of the Apocalypse, which they pronounced a work of rare interest. Now the Revelation was the book that of all others in the Bible he delighted most to read; and he had searched the few commentators his father possessed without getting much light upon its mysteries. The new exposition was owned by a very awe-inspiring gentleman in the neighbourhood, but Adoniram felt he *must* have it, and after combating a long time with his bashfulness, he at last determined on begging the loan of it. He presented himself in the great man's library and was coldly and sternly refused. For once his grief and mortification were so great that he could not conceal the affair from his father. He received more sympathy than he anticipated. 'Not lend it to you?' said the good man indignantly. 'I wish *he* could understand it half as well. You shall have books, Adoniram, just as many as you can read, and I'll go to Boston myself for them.' He performed his promise, but the desired work on the Apocalypse, perhaps for judicious reasons, was not obtained."

CHAPTER II

A YOUTH'S AMBITION

IT is not surprising that a mind so active and absorbed with mental studies should be handicapped sooner or later by a physical breakdown. He seems to have had a good constitution to start with, but it is possible that he played too little and did not strengthen and invigorate himself with those athletic exercises, so dear, and deservedly so, to the heart of the British boy to-day. The bow, always strung to the pitch of tension, can never endure the continual strain without either relaxation or injury, and thus young Judson, when he had reached his fourteenth year, had a serious illness which utterly laid him aside. There is no evidence of a definite character as to the nature of this malady, but it is sufficiently clear that it reduced him to a state of such extreme weakness that for a time his recovery hung in the balance. For twelve months all his books and studies had to be put aside, he must lie fallow for a space, not because he liked it, but from the necessity of his enfeebled condition. If he could not read, however, he had now time to think, and his musings during this period have been preserved. They certainly are remarkable, not only in their flights of ambition as regards the future which he believed awaited him, but by the rather sad and saturnine character of his outlook upon life. Still in his teens, a man in the making, the youth Judson was plying his oars in the shallows of philosophy, and he was viewing, with very mixed feelings, the prospect of one day being a minister as his father was, who probably had no higher dream than that he should in an honourable succession one day fill a pulpit. But the boy had other ideals; at times he fancied himself writing poetry and thus climbing to fame, at another he would seek the reputation of an orator, "the listening senate to command." And so he went on castle-building in the air, seeing the vision and the mirage, until he almost believed they were realities. And then, like all men of like temperament, his wings of fancy fail him in the flight, and he is on the ground, the common place of everybody, if not a wiser, a sadder youth.

"After a time one thought crept into his mind and embittered all his musings. Suppose he should attain to the very highest pinnacle of which human nature is capable; what then? Could he hold his honours for ever? His favourites of other ages had long since been turned to dust, and what was it to them that the world still praised them? What would it be to him, when a hundred years had gone by, that America had never known his equal? He did not wonder that Alexander wept when at the summit of his ambition; he felt sure that he should have wept too. Then he would become alarmed at the extent of his own wicked soarings and try to comfort himself with the idea that it was all the result of the fever in his brain."

In this conjecture he was possibly near the truth; he was mentally a little overblown, his fancies were getting the upper hand, and he needed sorely a wise, cheery friend who could help him to shake off both the dreams of ambition and the doldrums of melancholy. And such friends in need and deed were not commonly grown in those days, at any rate they did not flower with much colour or refreshing fragrance. The worst of it was that on the subject of religion he was getting on the rocks; the rapids of the love of pleasing men were carrying him away. His sister, who knew his mind better than any living person, in addition to having given us many interesting glimpses of his childhood, has also furnished us with some record of how he felt now at the parting of the ways. It is well for us to thoroughly read, search, learn and inwardly digest these thoughts of his, because one day they will stand in vivid contrast, when his whole nature and life have been transformed by Divine grace.

" One day his mind reverted to religious pursuits. Yes, an eminent divine was very well, though he should, of course, prefer something more brilliant. Gradually and without his being aware of his own train of thought, his mind instituted a comparison between the great worldly divine toiling for the same perishable objects as his other favourites, and the humble minister of the gospel, labouring only to please God and benefit his fellow-men. There was (so he thought) a sort of sublimity about that after all. Surely the world was all wrong or such a self-abjuring man would be its hero. Yes, yes, his fame was sounded before him as he entered the other world; and that was the only fame worthy of the possession, because the only one that triumphed over the grave. Suddenly, in the midst of his self-gratulation, the words flashed across his mind, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but to Thy name be the glory.' He was confounded. Not that he had actually made himself the representative of this last kind of greatness; it was not sufficiently to his taste for that; but he had ventured on dangerous ground, and he was startled by a flood of feelings that had till now remained dormant. He had always said and thought, so far as he had thought anything about it, that he wished to become truly religious; but now religion seemed so entirely opposed to all his ambitious plans, that he was afraid to look into his heart lest he should discover what he did not like to confess—even to himself—that he did not want to become a Christian. He was fully awake to the vanity of worldly pursuits, and was on the whole prepared to yield the palm of excellence to religious ones; but his father had often said he would one day be a great man, and a great man he had resolved to be."

Slowly his strength returned, and Judson braced himself up for picking up the lost threads of his studies by hard and incessant work. Possibly with his returning health he found less inclination and certainly not so much time for these flights of fancy and philosophic musing. And yet those thinkings aloud, and peering into the future, with perhaps a foolish egotism, but still sincerely, these made their mark upon his growing mind. Let us look at him once more, standing on the threshold of life, his schooldays gone for ever, and about to leave his father's study and the safe serenity of his home for a higher stage of learning. He has yet much to know, possibly to discover how little he already possesses of knowledge. We think we see his pale, earnest face. Whatever faults he had of personal ambition he seems to have been a good son, the eldest born of the household, regarded with pride by his father, loved without doubt by his mother, to whom the boy was so much. He is again wondering what of the future, as he lingers at the open door, his hair blown by the breeze, his eyes straining to see things which are not, cannot indeed be, yet revealed. Although not yet sixteen he is far older than his years, no longer a boy, and his character has already shaped itself. He has plenty of mental vigour, even if in physique he is inclined to be frail, hardly a practical fellow who would care to rough it and take adventurous risks. Such a youth might make a professor, a lover of books and a teacher of other men. The love of success, the estimation of the favour and flattery of his fellows, the prospect of having a name in the history of his country and people, these were the things which filled the horizon of his hopes. And as regards religion his mind was hardly made up; he even feared, as we have seen, the consequences of a decision he might some day make. At any rate there he is, as unlike a future missionary as could well be. Who could have guessed for him such a future as God had provided for Judson? The change was not as yet; he had yet to face danger and temptation, and to battle with darker thoughts and deeper difficulties than he had ever known before. These we shall now see, and then how the day broke in his soul.

CHAPTER III

THE CHOICE AT THE CROSS ROADS

IT was in the year 1802 that the Judsons came to live in Plymouth, another English name of remembrance, a town destined to become of note in the history of New England. Here was a seat of learning, if one may so dignify such an institution, called Providence College, which soon developed into Brown University, and in 1804 we find Adoniram Judson with his hand upon the knocker of its door. He had lost a year through his illness, but he flung himself into the task of making up for lost time, and with success, for, notwithstanding competition with one very clever classmate named John Bailey, afterwards Member of Congress for Massachusetts, he won the highest place in the entrance examination. Of this he was naturally very proud, and on hearing the result hurried to his room and just penned a brief letter to his father: "Dear Father,—I have got it.—Your affectionate son, A. J." We can imagine him walking round, as he did, quite a circuitous route to the post office with the envelope in his hand and his heart beating quickly at every step. Not only in the matter of his work did he deserve commendation, the headmaster, or rather, President, wrote a letter to his father, dated 30th April 1805, which would doubtless be sweeter than honey to the one who received it. "Notwithstanding the greatness of my present hurry," writes Dr. Asa Messer, "I must drop you a word respecting your son, and this, I can assure you, is not by way of complaint. A uniform propriety of conduct, as well as an intense application to study, distinguishes his character. Your expectations of him, however sanguine, must certainly be gratified. I most heartily congratulate you, my dear sir, on that charming prospect which you have exhibited in this very amiable and promising son; and I most heartily pray that the Father of mercies may make him now, while a youth, a son in His spiritual family, and give him an earnest of the inheritance of the saints in light."

A devout prayer which was to be answered, but not yet.

Far away, eastwards, across the sea, stirring events were happening in France. The Revolution of 1798 had shattered the peace and security of Europe; like a huge furnace it blazed in the face of the astonished nations, and when the old regime, like the roof of a burning building, fell in, the sparks were blown far and wide. They fell like tongues of flame across the English Channel to every corner of the United Kingdom, setting men's minds alight with a thirst for freedom and bringing to pass the birth of progress and a new order in the world. But it was not all for good. Some of these flickering embers were quick to disseminate infidelity, and the new Republic, which thought, in its insanity, that it could obliterate even Almighty God, was making havoc with the faith of thousands.

Right away in the quiet seclusion of this university at Plymouth the leaven of such evil influence was working, and it found a fruitful field in the heart and mind of young Adoniram Judson. Unfortunately for him, he had a fellow-student, a brilliant thinker and of charming manners, who had much to answer for in warping the mind of one whose bringing up had been so far a safeguard against these infidel notions. This Deist, whose name was E——, drew the young fellow from the secure moorings of his father's religion. They spent hours together discussing things far too deep for their criticism, and in the end, Judson we are told, became as confirmed an unbeliever as his friend. They even agreed to write plays and give themselves, when opportunity offered, to the gaiety of a worldly life. Clouds were gathering on the horizon of Judson's career, and he was dragging his anchors towards shipwreck. He closed a school where he had been teaching at Plymouth, and made up his mind that he would see life, something beyond the limits of even his Plymouth surroundings. At this point we will take up the narrative as his sister relates it, so vividly and with so much human interest.

"Before setting out upon his tour he had unfolded his infidel sentiments to his father, and had been treated with the severity natural to a masculine mind that has never doubted, and to a parent who, after having made innumerable sacrifices for the son of his pride and his love, sees him rush recklessly on to his own destruction. His mother was none the less distressed, and she wept and prayed and expostulated. He knew his superiority to his father in argument; but he had nothing to oppose to his mother's tears and warnings, and they followed him now wherever he went. He knew that he was on the verge of such a life as he despised. For the world he would not see a young brother in his perilous position; but 'I,' he thought, 'am in no danger. I am only seeing the world—the dark side of it as well as the bright; and I have too much self-respect to do anything mean or vicious.'

"After visiting some of the New England States, he left the horse with which his father had furnished him with an uncle in Sheffield, Connecticut, and proceeded to Albany to see the wonder of the world, the newly invented Robert Fulton steamer. She was about proceeding on her second trip to New York, and he gladly took passage in her. The magnificent scenery of the Hudson had then excited comparatively little attention, and its novelty and sublimity could not fail to make a deep and lasting impression on one of Judson's ardent and adventurous spirit. Indeed, during his last illness, he described it with all the enthusiasm that he might have done in his youth. His name was frequently mistaken for that of Johnson, and it occurred to him that in the novel scenes before him he might as well use this convenient disguise, in order to see as deeply into the world as possible. He therefore, without actually giving out the name with distinctness or even writing it down, became Mr. Johnson. He had not been long in New York before he contrived to attach himself to a theatrical company, not with the design of entering upon the stage, but partly for the purpose of familiarising himself with its regulations in case he should enter upon his literary projects, and partly from curiosity and love of adventure."

This gentle-hearted sister of Judson, in telling the story of these years, could hardly be expected to say much of what might be called the rather wild days of her brother. There is no evidence that he fell into open sin or in any moral sense disgraced his father's name, but in after life, when talking of these times to an English friend, he spoke of the strolling players whose life and habits he had espoused, and how reckless and vagabond a career he pursued in their company. One of his regrets was that in many cases he found lodgings and left without paying for them, and in later years he carefully visited these places, going over the old ground with mixed feelings, and making amends wherever he could. In the midst of these scenes, however, he had some experiences which made him think seriously enough, the finger of Providence touching his memory and conscience. Here is one such incident.

"The next night he stopped at a country inn. The landlord mentioned, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young man who was exceedingly ill, probably in a dying state; but he hoped that it would occasion him no uneasiness. Judson assured him that beyond pity for the poor sick man he should have no feeling whatever, and that now, having heard of the circumstance, his pity would not, of course, be increased by the nearness of the object. But it was nevertheless a very restless night. Sounds came from the sick chamber—sometimes the movements of the watchers, sometimes the groans of the sufferer; but it was not these which disturbed him. He thought of what the landlord had said—the stranger was probably in a dying state ; and was he prepared? Alone and in the dead of the night he felt a blush of shame steal over him at the question, for it proved the shallowness of his philosophy. What would his late companions say to his weakness ? The clear-minded, intellectual, witty E——, what would he say to such consummate boyishness ? But still his thoughts would revert to the sick man. Was he a Christian, calm and strong in the hope of a glorious immortality ? Or was he shuddering on the brink of a dark, unknown future ? Perhaps he was a 'freethinker,' educated by Christian parents and prayed over by a Christian mother. The landlord had described him as a young man ; and in imagination he was forced to place himself upon the dying bed, though he strove with all his might against it. At last morning came, and the bright flood of light which it poured into his chamber dispelled all his 'superstitious illusions.' As soon as he was risen he went in search of the landlord and inquired for his fellow-lodger. 'He is dead,' was the reply. 'Dead ?' 'Yes, he is gone, poor fellow ! The doctor said that he would probably not survive the night.' 'Do you know who he was ?' 'Oh yes ; it was a young man from Providence College—a very fine fellow; his name was E——.' Judson was completely stunned. After hours had passed, he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his journey. But one single thought occupied his mind, and the words, 'Dead! Lost! Lost!' were continually ringing in his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth; and he was in despair. In this state of mind he resolved to abandon his scheme of travelling, and at once turned his horse's head towards Plymouth."

This event undoubtedly made a great and lasting impression on the mind of Adoniram Judson. He saw, in an instance far more convincing than an argument, that a sceptical creed was of no avail when the storms of life met a man, and, above all, left him bare and uncomforted in the last hour of death. And yet on the deepest decision which can come to any life, his mind was not yet made up, he was only loosed from his moorings of unbelief and not yet anchored in the safe harbour of truth.

He came to live in Andover soon after this, where there was a Theological Institution, and it was fortunate for him that the two professors of that college were friends of his father and had an opportunity during a visit to him of hearing the whole story of this able, ambitious, and rather wayward young man. When, shortly afterwards, he applied for admission as a student, although deficient in the primary qualification of being a devout Christian, he was received as a special case, in fact, there seems to be evidence that an offer was made to him to accept admission on such terms. The result of this was that, like Luther in his university chamber, Judson, by the study of Holy Scripture and the excellent counsel of the professors, who were his personal friends, became a true Christian, light broke in his soul, and his old self, with its earthly self-interest and personal ambitions, were put away for ever. Henceforth we shall have to see the new Adoniram Judson and note what a wonderful difference is manifested in his character and outlook upon life. On the 2nd December 1808 he made a solemn dedication of himself unreservedly to God and His service, and six months afterwards he was admitted a member of the Congregational Church at Plymouth, of which his father was now the pastor. His one desire now was to become a minister himself. The directors of the Brown University offered him a good appointment as tutor, but, to the disappointment of his father, this he declined with thanks. One extract from a letter he wrote just about this time will show the new spirit and aim of Judson.

"It is now half after nine, and I have been sitting fifteen minutes with my pen in hand thinking how to begin. I have this day attained more than ever to what I suppose Christians mean by the enjoyment of God. I have had pleasant seasons at the throne of God. Those lines of Watt's have been very sweet to me.

"'Till Thou hast brought me to my home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy countenance let me often see,
And often Thou shalt hear from me.'"

But not by flight of wing but the climbing steps of patient willingness and faith do we attain the heights of our providential possibilities. It is step by step, line upon line, and day by day we reach the dawn.

CHAPTER IV

A VISION OF DESTINY

JUDSON was just twenty-one when, in September 1809, he caught his first glimpse of his future calling as a missionary to the heathen. Like so many since his day, the message came through the printed page. Into his hands one day came a copy of a sermon which had been preached in Bristol in the homeland by Dr. Claudius Buchanan, who was formerly chaplain to the East India Company, the title being, "The Star in the East," and based upon the visit of the wise men who said that they had seen His star in the East, Who was the Light of the world. It spoke of the reality of Christian doctrine, and how in India the truth had been so successful in pulling down the strongholds of idolatry and sin. And there was a special reference to the marvellous life labours of Dr. Schwartz, a venerable

German missionary in the Madras district, whose great career seems now, unhappily, almost forgotten. Judson was fired with missionary zeal; he felt that at all risks and any cost he must go and preach the gospel to these benighted souls. But it was not a question of sudden excitement with him. In a letter which he wrote to his friend, the Rev. Luther Rice, he says: "That excitement soon passed away; but it left a strong desire to prosecute any inquiries and ascertain the path of duty. It was during a solitary walk in the woods behind the college, while meditating and praying on the subject, and feeling half inclined to give it up, that the command of Christ, 'Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' was presented to my mind with such clearness and force that I came to a full decision; and though great difficulties appeared in my way, resolved to obey the command at all events."

We have seen that in his old college he had the disadvantage of a brilliant comrade who undermined his faith; here in these new surroundings and at a time when he needed special counsel and sympathy, he found a real friend in a student named Samuel Nott, Jr., and with two or three others of the same heart and mind a little impromptu missionary society was formed, and these students were accustomed to meet together at night beneath a haystack in the college grounds. This historic spot has not been forgotten, and at the present time there is the famous Haystack Monument at Williamstown, for on this little space among the Berkshire Hills it may be said that the great American missionary work was born. The pioneer missionary of his nation received his commission here.

Haystack prayer-meeting

Still, he had to face some serious obstacles, and one of these was the opposition of his parents. We must not blame these good people, for at that time the idea of being a missionary was by no means so popular and attractive as it is to-day. To many in the churches the obligation to minister to the heathen did not appeal at all; all sorts of excuses were readily made and accepted, because the wave of missionary revival was yet at its farthest ebb. It is difficult for us now to imagine a time when there were no missionary societies, no Exeter Hall, or fervour of a May meeting, and when the Church, busy or slothful in her affairs at home, could not spare a glance across the sea where the heathen were calling for the gospel.

For a young student, with such intellectual advantages, to fling himself away upon some hare-brained idea of converting the heathen, appeared like the rash fancies of a disordered brain. And to his father and mother, in whose eyes he was the very hope and promise of their declining years, did it seem right or kind for their son Adoniram to turn aside from a future of public appreciation and usefulness to a life, perhaps a death, in some unknown wilds across the sea? One of the professors of the college, the Rev. Dr. Griffin, who had been so instrumental in gaining admission for him, proposed that this promising student should become his co-pastor in the largest church in Boston. "And you will be so near home," his mother urged. "No," was his decisive reply. "I shall never live in Boston. I have much farther than that to go."

His parents cried and tried to persuade their boy in vain. It was not that he did not love and honour them,—their entreaties wrung his heart,—but he heard another Voice calling, and must obey.

Parent

Whittier, the sweet poet of his country in an after time, wrote of Judson:

> "In the spring
> And glory of his being he went forth,
> From the embraces of devoted friends,
> From ease and quiet happiness . . . he went forth
> Strengthen'd to suffer—gifted to subdue
> The might of human passion—to pass on
> Quietly to the sacrifice of all
> The lofty hopes of boyhood, and to turn
> The high ambition written on that brow
> From its first dream of power and human fame
> Unto a task of seeming lowliness—
> Yet God-like in his purpose."

To one who was destined to become his wife, he wrote, speaking plainly of all the hardships which awaited him, and asking whether she was ready to pay the price. He told her father in a frank, manly letter what a sacrifice it would be, and was he willing to spare her, if willing, to undertake such risks.

"I have now to ask," he writes, "whether you can consent to part with your daughter early next spring, to see her no more in this world? Whether you can consent to her departure to a heathen land and her subjection to the hardships and sufferings of a missionary life? Whether you can consent to her exposure to the dangers of the ocean; to the fatal influence of the southern climate of India; to every kind of want and distress; to degradation, insult, persecution, and perhaps a violent death?"

It is to his eternal credit that this father, for the cause of Christ, after this did let her go.

To the lady herself he was equally outspoken, and we may just read a scrap of a letter written at this time to wish her a happy New Year, 1st January 1811, with a forecast of what is in store for them.

"If our lives are preserved and our attempt prospered, we shall next New Year's Day be in India, and perhaps wish each other a happy New Year in the uncouth dialect of Hindostan or Burmah. We shall no more see our kind friends around us, or enjoy the conveniences of civilised life, or go to the house of God with those that keep holy day; but swarthy countenances will everywhere meet our eye, the jargon of an unknown tongue will assail our ears, and we shall witness the assembling of the heathen to celebrate the worship of idol gods. We shall be weary of the world, and wish for wings like a dove, that we may fly away and be at rest. We shall probably experience seasons when we shall be 'exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.' We shall see many dreary, disconsolate hours, and feel a sinking of spirits, anguish of mind, of which now we can form little conception. Oh, we shall wish to lie down and die. And that time may soon come. One of us may be unable to sustain the heat of the climate and the change of habits; and the other may say, with literal truth, over the grave:

> "'By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed;
> By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed;
> By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned.'

But whether we shall be honoured and mourned by strangers, God only knows. At least either of us will be certain of one mourner. In view of such scenes shall we not pray with earnestness, 'Oh for an overcoming faith.'"

Such a noble letter has spiritual splendour in every line. It ought also to be noted that the one into whose hands this letter came never swerved one instant from her path of duty, and has left a name in history as of one of the most consecrated and efficient helpmeets among the very best of the wives of missionaries in the foreign field.

However, the little missionary society, under the shadow of the friendly haystack, were destined to find it not so easy to get away to the heathen as they had hoped for. The missionary spirit was yet in its infancy, and although a small society had been formed called the Massachusetts Missionary Society, its aim was rather limited to the conversion of the Indians of New England than to speculate upon the extreme possibility of doing something for the heathen abroad. So Judson and his friends decided to write to the London Missionary Society in England, and the letter was addressed to the venerable Dr. Bogue of the Seminary at Gosport, whose name has been associated with some of the most famous missionaries of those days. Judson, in a modest and yet very earnest manner, wrote for information: " Whether two or three young unmarried men, having received a liberal education and resided two years in this Divinity School, wishing to serve their Saviour in a heathen land and indeed susceptible of a '*passion for missions*'—whether such young men, arriving in England next spring, with full recommendations from the first Christian characters in this country, may expect to be received *on probation* by the Directors and placed at the Seminary in Gosport, if *that be judged expedient*; and whether, provided they give satisfaction as to their fitness to undertake the work, all their necessary expenses after arriving in England shall be defrayed from the Funds of the Society; which funds will, it is hoped, be ultimately reimbursed by supplies from the American churches."

In the meantime some of the leading Christian professors and ministers met at Andover on 25th July 1810 and decided to recommend the General Association of Congregational Churches in Massachusetts to deal with the desires of these earnest young men. In response to this appeal the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was established, and they, finding that the New England people would not be able to undertake such a new and considerable enterprise, they determined to send Judson to England to ask the London Missionary Society to co-operate with them in the project. The voyage of the young man thither was to be attended by some exciting adventures, which the next chapter shall narrate.

CHAPTER V

OUTWARD BOUND AND CAPTURED

WHEN the little English ship *Packet* set sail from Boston for England with Adoniram Judson on board, it was destined to run the risks of war upon the high seas. For, in truth, all Europe was more or less in a blaze. The little but terrific figure of Napoleon was the bogy of all the nations, Wellington was fighting the French in the Peninsula, and Napoleon was picking a quarrel with Russia as an excuse for that invasion which proved the funeral of his grand army. The hearts of men were quaking with fear; as yet the issues which culminated at Waterloo were hanging in the balance. Judson had started in stormy times. Not only on land but on the broad sea the conflict raged, and the vessels of the contending nations were always on the look out for the enemy, and it is not surprising that this innocent and unarmed passenger ship, carrying the English flag, was soon sighted by a French privateer and became an easy capture. It was the first exciting adventure which befell Judson, and which evidently awoke him from some rather sad and grey musings as he stood on the deck or sat wearily in the cabin, wondering how this new mission to England would turn out. It must be borne in mind that he had not yet started on his missionary voyage; at present the way was not open to him for the realisation of his high hopes, and nothing damps the ardour of a young heart like delay. However, if he lacked a little change of scene and excitement, he was going to have both without measure. The story of this adventure is so admirably told by the pen of Mrs. E. C. Judson that one need offer no apology for repeating her own words. Unfortunately one is left to conjure up the scene of the actual capture, the first alarm and threatening cannon-shot, the brief parley between the wolf and the lamb, the striking of the flag on the defenceless English vessel, and the rush of French officers on board, with grace and compliments doubtless, but also a taste of the severity of those who had already tasted the sting of English valour. It is strange that during her subsequent voyage as a spoil of naval warfare, no English ship sighted her and attempted a rescue, but it is clear that, undisturbed by any interference outside, the poor little *Packet* was now the prize of *L'Invincible Napoleon*, and would find her next berth in a French port.

" There were on the ship *Packet* two Spanish merchants, and these, I believe, were the only two passengers besides Mr. Judson. When they were captured by *L'Invincible Napoleon*, these two gentlemen, being able to speak French and most likely to furnish a bribe, were treated very civilly. Mr. Judson, however, was very young, with nothing distinctive in his outward appearance, and was, moreover, speechless, friendless, and comparatively moneyless. He was without question or remonstrance immediately placed in the hold, with the common sailors. This was the first hardship he had ever known, and it affected him accordingly. He shrank from the associations of the place, and the confined air seemed unendurable. Soon the weather roughened, and he, together with several of his more hardy companions, became excessively sea-sick. The

His first trial.

doctor visited him every day, but he could not communicate with him. And the visit was nearly useless. Sick, sorrowful and discouraged, his thoughts went back to his dear old Plymouth home, then to Bradford, and finally the Boston church—'the biggest church in Boston'; and he became alarmed at the strange feeling that crept over him. It was the first moment of misgiving that he had known. As soon as he became aware of the feeling he commenced praying against it, as a temptation of the adversary. It seemed to him that God had permitted this capture and all his trouble as a trial of his faith; and he resolved, in the strength of God, to bear it, as he might be called upon to bear similar trials hereafter. As soon as he had come to this resolution, he fumbled about in the grey light of his prison till he succeeded in finding his Hebrew Bible. The light was very faint, but still he managed to see for a few moments at a time, and amused himself with translating mentally from the Hebrew to the Latin—a work which employed his thoughts and saved his eyes. One day the doctor, observing the Bible on the pillow, took it up and stepped towards the gangway and examined it; then returned and addressed his patient in Latin. Through the medium of this language Mr.

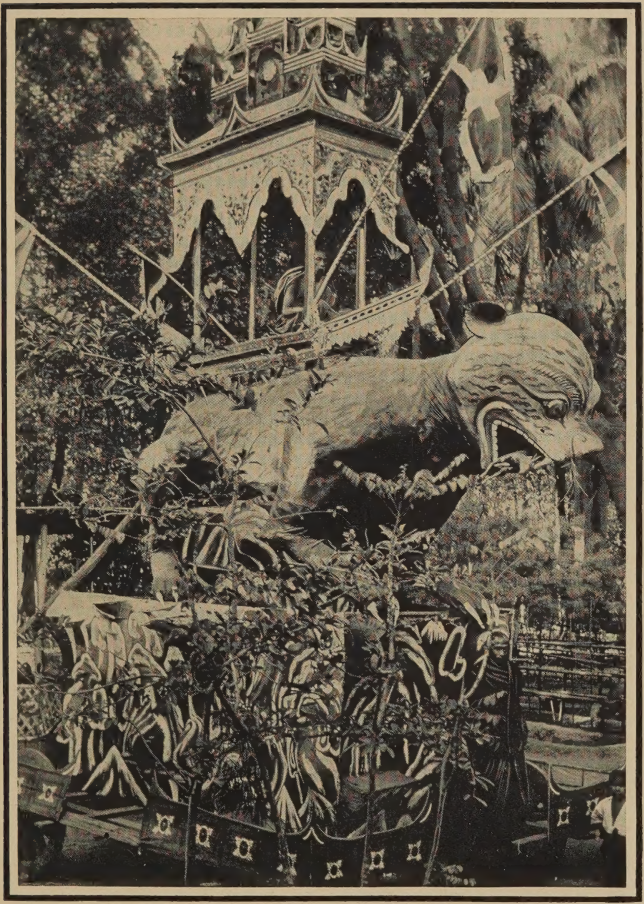
Judson managed to explain who he was; and he was consequently admitted to a berth in the upper cabin and a seat with his fellow-passengers, the Spaniards, at the captain's table.

"His second day on deck was a somewhat exciting one. A sail was reported from the masthead, and while the stranger was as yet a mere speck to the naked eye, many glasses were levelled curiously at her, and a general feeling of anxiety seemed to prevail among the officers. Of course Mr. Judson was all excitement, for although he was now in comfortable circumstances, he dreaded the effect of this detention on his mission to England. Finally the stranger loomed up against the sky, a beautiful brig under a full press of canvas. As they watched her, some anxiously, some admiringly, suddenly her fine proportions became blended in a dark mass; and it was evident to the most inexperienced landsman that she had changed her course. The two Spaniards exchanged significant glances. Mr. Judson felt very much like shouting for joy, but he suppressed the inclination; and the next moment the order came for the decks to be cleared, and he, with his companions, were sent below. The Spaniards informed him that they were pursued by a vessel much larger than their own, that the privateer had little to hope for in an engagement, but she was the swifter sailer of the two, and the approaching darkness was in her favour. Mr. Judson passed a sleepless night, listening each moment for unusual sounds; but the next morning, when he carefully swept the horizon with the captain's glass, not a sail was visible.

"The privateer touched Le Passage, in Spain, and there permitted the two Spaniards to go on shore. From thence the prisoners were conveyed to Bayonne, in France, and Mr. Judson again, to his surprise and indignation, found himself marched through the streets, in company with the crew of the *Packet*. He had as yet acquired a few words of French, and of these he made as much use as possible, to the infinite amusement of the passers-by. Finally it occurred to him that he was much more likely to meet some person, either a native or a foreigner, who understood English, than to make his broken French intelligible. Accordingly he commenced declaiming in the most violent manner possible against oppression in general and this one act in particular. The guards threatened him by gestures, but did not proceed to violence; and of the passers-by some regarded him a moment carelessly, others showed a little interest or curiosity, while many laughed outright at his seemingly senseless clamours. Finally a stranger accosted him in English, advising him to lower his voice. 'With the greatest pleasure possible,' he answered, 'if I have at last succeeded in making myself heard. I was only clamouring for a listener.' 'You might have got one you would have been glad to dismiss if you had continued much longer,' was the reply. In a few hurried words Judson explained his situation, and in words as few learned that the gentleman was an American from Philadelphia, and received his promise of assistance. 'But you had better go on your way quietly now,' added his new friend. 'Oh, I will be a perfect lamb since I have gained my object.'

"The prison was a gloomy-looking massive structure, and the apartment into which they were conveyed was underground, dark and dismal. In the centre was a sort of column, on which burned a solitary lamp, though without it was still broad day. Around the walls a quantity of straw had been spread, on which his companions soon made themselves at home; but Mr. Judson could not divest himself of the idea that the straw was probably not fresh, and busied his imagination with images of those who had last occupied it. The weather had seemed almost oppressively hot above ground, but now he shivered with the chilly dampness of the place, while the confined air and mouldy smell rendered him sick and giddy. He paced up and down the cell he could not tell how long, but it seemed many hours, wondering if his new friend would really come; and again, if he did, whether he could keep on his feet all night; and in case of failure which part of the straw he would select as the least loathsome. And then his thoughts would wander off again to Plymouth and to Bradford and to 'the biggest church in Boston,' but not with the feeling that he had before. On the contrary, he wondered that he ever could have been discouraged. He knew that at most his imprisonment could not last long. If he only had a chair or the meanest stool, that was all he would ask. But he could not hope to walk or stand long.

"While leaning against the column for a moment's rest, the door of the cell opened and he instantly recognised the American he had seen in the street. He suppressed a cry of joy, and seeing the stranger did not look at him, though he stood close by the lamp, tried himself to affect indifference. The American, making some remark in French, took up the lamp, and then adding (or perhaps translating) in English, 'Let me see if I know any of these poor fellows,'



A Pôngyi Byan

This is the funeral car of a Buddhist monk, an elaborate structure of bamboo ornamented with leaves, the coffin being upheld by the figure of a tiger eating a deer.

passed round the room, examining them carelessly. ‘No; no friend of mine,’ said he, replacing the lamp and swinging his great military cloak around Judson, whose slight figure was almost lost in its ample folds. Comprehending the plan, Mr. Judson drew himself into as small a compass as possible, thinking that he would make the best of the affair, though having little confidence in the clumsy artifice. His protector, too, seemed to have his doubts, for as he passed out he slid some money into the jailer’s hand, and again at the gate made another disbursement, and as soon as they were outside, released his protégé, with the expressive words, ‘Now run.’ Mr. Judson quite forgot his fatigue from walking in the cell as he fleetly followed his tall conductor through the streets to the wharf, where he was placed on board an American merchantman for the night. The next evening his friend returned, informing him that his place of refuge had been only temporarily chosen, and as the papers necessary for his release could not be procured immediately, he would be safer in the attic of a shipbuilder, who had kindly offered this place of concealment. Accordingly he removed to the attic, from which, after a few days, he was released on parole.

"Mr. Judson passed about six weeks in Bayonne, boarding with an American lady, who had spent most of her life in France. He told his landlady that he was a clergyman, and frequently held long religious conversations with her; but he did not permit his character to be known generally in the house, as he thought it would interfere with a plan he had of learning as much as possible of the real state of French society. He attended various places of amusement with his fellow-boarders, pleading his ignorance of the language and customs of the country as an excuse for acting as a spectator merely, and in general giving such evasive replies as enabled him to act his part without attracting undue attention. It was not long, however, before his companions became pretty well aware that indifference formed no part of his real character. His shrewdness was at variance with his implied ignorance of the world, and his simplicity sometimes wore a solemn impressiveness, from the influence of which it was impossible to escape. The last place of amusement that he visited was a masked ball; and here his strong feelings quite overcame his caution and he burst forth in his real character. He declared to his somewhat startled companions that he did not believe the infernal regions could furnish more complete specimens of depravity than he then beheld. He spoke in English and at first addressed himself to the two or three standing near him; but his earnestness of manner and warmth of expression soon drew around him a large circle, who listened curiously and with apparent respect. He spoke scornfully of the proud profession of the (so-called) philosophy of the age, and pointed to the fearful exhibitions of that moment as illustrative of its effectiveness. He rapidly enumerated many of the evils which infidelity had brought upon France and upon the world, and then showed the only way of escape from those evils—the despised but truly ennobling religion of Jesus Christ. Finally he sketched the character of man as it might have been in its original purity and nobleness, and then the wreck of soul and body, to be ascribed to sin, and wound up all by a personal appeal to such as had not become too debased to think and feel. He had warmed as he proceeded with his subject, noting with pain and surprise the great number of those who seemed to understand the English language, and drawing from it an inference by no means favourable to his travelled countrymen. Most of the maskers evidently regarded the exhibition as a part of the evening's entertainment; but those who understood his remarks seemed confounded by the boldness and perhaps unexpectedness of the attack, and when he had finished stood aside and allowed him to pass from the place without a word."

CHAPTER VI

ON ENGLISH SOIL

JUDSON never regretted that enforced visit to France, however much in some respects it might have put him to personal inconvenience, for he thereby obtained a knowledge of the language and also was admitted into French society, where he learned much more of the habits and mind of the people. Doubtless in the land of the Revolution he was able now to gauge pretty well the practical value of that philosophy which, while at college, had wrought so disastrously a change in his religious views. He found that the effect upon the character of these professors of flagrant unbelief was not ennobling; on the contrary, with many fine phrases gracing their lips, the lives of such had a very low moral standard. It is said that during this period he made the acquaintance of several of Napoleon's officers.

Finally, he was permitted to cross the Channel, and on 3rd May 1811 for the first time he stood on English soil, landing at Dartmouth, and lost no time in hurrying up to London, of course by stage coach, for the iron road and the fast expresses were unknown in those times. He was very kindly received by the Directors of the London Missionary Society. Here we get a peep at the young candidate for the mission field, as he stands at the table and gives an account to this group of worthy men as to his call to the mission field and fitness for its strenuous obligations.

A little man comparatively, with all the air and stoop of the student, his face rather fresh coloured and above it a mass of dark brown hair, which, in the description on his French passport, was like that of his eyes, a deep chestnut hue. One might have expected from such a delicate young man a very quiet and subdued speech, but, on the contrary, his voice was strong and commanding, taking his hearers a little by surprise. An instance of this occurred when, during his visit to London, Judson was asked to preach, and after he had finished his discourse, the clergyman who had made way for him explained that he was proposing to go as a missionary to the heathen. "And if," said he, "his faith is proportioned to his voice, he will drive the devil from all India."

In England

There is no doubt that it was by the merest chance, if one may use such a term, that Judson and his associates were not sent out by the London Missionary Society. Their high credentials and the favourable impression they produced in their personal interviews with the Board of Directors, led the Society to accept the services, at any rate, of Judson for work in India. His orders, however, were to simply consult them as to a prospect of co-operation with the newly formed American Board, and after an interesting visit to Gosport, where Dr. Bogue had his missionary academy, he returned home without any misadventure, with the letter of the London Missionary Society in his pocket.

When he arrived he found nothing had been done during his nine months' absence, the interest in missionary enterprise was languishing, and the American Committee still shrank from incurring the serious expenditure which the sending forth of such a band of missionaries would involve. Judson and his companions forced their hand to action. They told the Board that they could not wait, a war might deter them indefinitely, and if no other way could be found they would take advantage of the offer from the English—the London Missionary Society—and go forth under their auspices. This caused some irritation, but it was a righteous impatience which they had to exhibit, although it might give displeasure. "This," said Judson, "we were sorry to occasion, but our closest interests were at stake."

The firmness of Judson was the means, not only of inducing the Committee to take prompt steps, but it aroused an enthusiasm in the foreign mission work which started what was destined to be one of the largest and most successful of American missionary societies. Judson and his friends were told to refuse the offer of the London Missionary Society, and they were formally appointed "missionaries to labour in Asia, either in the Burman Empire, or in Surat, or in Prince of Wales' Island, or elsewhere." Ere long the opening presented itself. The good ship *Harmony* (a name of good augury)

American
Missionary
Society

was about to sail from Philadelphia to India, and in the next fortnight eight or ten thousand dollars must be raised to pay the expense of this voyage. A conversation between two of the newly formed Board of Missions will illustrate the faith and courage which now inspired them. Said Dr. Spring one day to his colleague, "Brother Worcester, I fear you are going too fast. I doubt if we shall have the means to pay the sum which we must borrow." "There is money enough in the churches," was the reply. "I know that very well, but how can we get at it?" "*The Lord has the key,*" was the noble reply.

On the 5th February 1812, Judson was married to Ann Hasseltine. A few days later he had said good-bye to his parents and friends at Plymouth, and his brother Elnathan mounted a horse and accompanied him to Boston. The two loved each other, and that journey along the well-remembered roads of New England was a sorrowful one, especially as Elnathan had not yet become a Christian. It was natural that his brother, who was going to preach the gospel to the heathen in distant lands, should make a beginning nearer home, and many earnest and affectionate counsels were given on the way. At one point they stopped by the roadside, and under the shadow of some trees they knelt together, while Adoniram poured out his soul in prayer for his younger brother. They never saw each other again after the separation four days later, but it was a joy to the missionary to hear, in that far-off land of his adoption, that his brother had become, in deed and truth, " a child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

The *Harmony* was, after all, not destined to take the missionary party; the ship in which they set sail on the 19th February was the *Caravan*, bound for Calcutta.

They seem to have had a fair voyage and were this time, at any rate, free from the prospect of capture by French privateers; the first sight of land was the mountain behind the Cape of Good Hope. But though the ship had no striking incidents there was much going on in the little cabin where Judson and his wife spent so much of their time. For days and weeks they were discussing a point of doctrine, with their open Bible and their earnest young faces alight with excitement and deep thought.

The subject of their deliberations was that of Baptism, and these two, who were Congregationalists, were questioning whether infants should be sprinkled or adults immersed after a public confession of their faith. They each decided that the latter course was according to Scripture, and when they arrived at Calcutta they were both Baptists in heart and conviction, and in September they were publicly baptized at a Baptist chapel in that city, and Judson preached a sermon afterwards, explaining his reasons for the change of his views. But it was not a light thing to alter their position, and the consequences were enough to test the sincerity of their convictions. They had by this act severed themselves from the Board of Missions, by whom they had been sent out to India, and they had a very slender hope of the Baptists in America, who had not yet formed a missionary society, being able, if willing, to support them in the field. Mrs. Judson, in writing home a letter, which is brave, but thrills with a little heartbreak, tells her friend what has taken place.

On baptism;

"We have endeavoured to count the cost and be prepared for the many severe trials resulting from this change of sentiment. We anticipate the loss of reputation and of the affection and esteem of many of our American friends. But the most trying circumstance attending this change, and that which has caused most pain, is the separation which must take place between us and our dear missionary associates. Although we are attached to each other and should doubtless live very happily together, yet the brethren do not think it best we should unite in one mission. These things have caused us to weep and pour out our hearts in prayer to Him whose directions we so much wish and need. We feel that we are alone in the world, with no real friend but each other, no one on whom we can depend but God."

Judson also wrote letters to the American Board of Foreign Missions, sending his resignation, and others to the Baptists in his native land, asking their support and sympathy. In the end these latter, his new brethren, joined together and formed the Baptist Missionary Society, which had in turn been founded to start and keep Judson in the missionary field. In the meantime the two friendless, homeless missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, had visited Serampore and received a brotherly welcome

merican
Bapt
Mission

from those three famous missionaries—Carey, Marshman, and Ward, representing the Baptist Missionary Society of England. Here for the present we leave them, to meet with fresh troubles from an unexpected source on the morrow.

CHAPTER VII

EXILED FROM INDIA

THE little group of missionaries from across the Atlantic had not been long in Calcutta before they discovered that they were not welcomed, and, indeed, would have to pack up and depart from India without delay. This unlooked-for difficulty arose not from the opposition of the natives, but the jealousy and suspicion of the English authorities. The position of objection to and almost defiance of any missionary work which the East India Company took up at this time is a forgotten page of history, but, though scarcely creditable, it must be remembered in order to understand the great difficulties encountered in the pioneer days of Indian missionary toil. Readers of the life of Henry Martyn will recall the objections and prejudices which harassed his work from the same quarter, although to get into the country at all he had become the chaplain to English troops, and was, moreover, a Church of England clergyman. A variety of reasons might be adduced to show why there was so much objection to the introduction of Christianity: the suspicious fear of trusting the natives and the reluctance to give them any advantages, even of a religious or educational nature; the dread of offending them by advocating a new religion which would denounce their idolatry; an objection to any translation of the Bible as likely to set up a claim of equality—all these weighed with these officials of a Company which at that time held India absolutely in their hands. But there were other reasons—the pilgrim's tax, which brought in a good revenue from such shocking spectacles as the Feast of Juggernauth, the temple tribute, and not least the disgraceful lives of the English officials, which would only appear in greater contrast when pure and faithful men, with their wives, took up the work. This was, moreover, the end of the tether of the bitter and powerful hostility to missionary enterprise. When the charter of the East India Company came before Parliament for renewal in 1813, Wilberforce, Smith, Thornton, and other Christian leaders insisted on a clause giving toleration to missionary efforts in India, and in due time Bishop Middleton came out, and Bishop Heber, the author of " From Greenland's Icy Mountains." All this was yet to be when Judson and his party were fresh on the ground in Calcutta, and the opposition of the authorities was perhaps only intensified in their case because they were Americans, with whom and the English a national strife was raging. They were warned to go, but as they still lingered, the harsh course was taken of an order for their peremptory removal on board one of the Company's vessels bound for England, a petty officer being sent to watch their residence to prevent escape. Happily, Mrs. Judson, in one of her letters to her parents in America, has left us a most interesting account of their adventures at this critical moment. It is a page of romance, not untouched by pathos, of a missionary's experiences. They had gone on board a vessel which would take them to the Isle of France (as Mauritius was then called), but on her way down the river the ship was stopped by a Government officer, on the ground that passengers were on board who had been ordered to England.

"We immediately concluded," writes Mrs. Judson, "that it was not safe to continue on board the remainder of the night. Mr. Rice and Mr. Judson took a boat and went on shore to a tavern little more than a mile from the ship. The captain said that I and our luggage could stay on board with perfect safety, even should an officer be sent to search the vessel. The next day we lay at anchor, expecting every hour to hear some intelligence from Calcutta. In the evening the captain received a note from the owner of the vessel, saying he had been at the police to inquire the cause of the detention of his ship; and the cause assigned was, 'it was suspected there were persons on board which the captain had been forbidden to receive,' and that the ship could not proceed until it was ascertained that no such persons were on board. The pilot immediately wrote a certificate that no such persons were on board, at the same time giving a list of all the passengers. I got into a small boat and went on shore, where the brethren had been anxiously awaiting through the day. We knew not what course to take, as it was impossible that we could proceed in that ship without a pass from the magistrate. Brother Rice set out directly for Calcutta, to see if it were possible to get a pass or do anything else. We spent the night and the next day at the tavern, without hearing anything from the ship, fearing that every European we saw was in search of us. Brother Rice returned from Calcutta, but had effected nothing. The owner of the vessel was highly offended at his ship's being detained so long on our account, and would do nothing more to assist us. We felt our situation was peculiarly trying, and could see no end to our difficulties.

"Early the next morning we received a note from the captain, saying we had liberty to proceed, but we must take our baggage from the vessel. We thought it not safe to continue at the tavern, where we were, neither could we think of returning to Calcutta. But one way was left, to go down the river about sixteen miles, where there was another tavern. I went on board to see about our baggage, as the brethren did not think it safe for them to go. As we could get no boat at the place where we were, I requested the captain to let our things remain until the vessel reached the other tavern, where I would try to get a boat. He consented, and told me I had better go in the the vessel, as it would be unpleasant going so far in a small boat. I was obliged to go on shore again, to inform the brethren of this and know what they would do. Brother Rice set out again for Calcutta to try to get a passage to Ceylon in a ship which was anchored near the place we were going to. Mr. J. took a small boat, in which was a small part of our baggage, to go down the river, while I got into the pilot's boat, which he had sent on shore with me, to go to the ship. As I had been some time on shore and the wind strong, the vessel had gone down to some distance. Imagine how uncomfortable was my situation. In a little boat rowed by six natives, entirely alone, the river very rough in consequence of the wind; without an umbrella or anything to screen one from the sun, which was very hot. The natives hoisted a large sail, which every now and then would almost tip the boat on one side. I manifested some fear to them, and to comfort me they would constantly repeat, 'Cutcha pho annah, Sahib, cutcha pho annah!' The meaning, 'Never fear, Madam, never fear!' After some time we came up with the ship, where I put our things in order to be taken out in an hour or two. When we came opposite the tavern the pilot kindly lent me his boat and servant to go on shore. I immediately procured a large boat to be sent to the ship for our baggage. I entered the tavern, a *stranger*, a *female, and unprotected.* I called for a room and sat down to reflect on my disconsolate situation. I had nothing with me but a few rupees. I did not know that the boat which I had sent after the vessel would overtake it, and if it did, whether it would ever return with our baggage; neither did I know where Mr. J. was, or when he would come, or with what treatment I should meet at the tavern. I thought of *home*, and said to myself, *these are some of the many trials attendant on a missionary life, and which I had anticipated.*

In India

"In a few hours Mr. Judson arrived, and towards night our baggage. We had now given up all hope of going to the Isle of France, and concluded either to return to Calcutta or to communicate our real situation to the tavern-keeper and request him to assist us. As we thought the latter preferable, Mr. J. told our landlord our circumstances and asked him if he could assist in getting us a passage to Ceylon. He said a friend of his was expected down the river the next day, who was captain of a vessel bound for Madras, and who, he did not doubt, would take us. This raised our sinking hopes. We waited two days, and on the third, which was the Sabbath, the ship came in sight and anchored directly before the house. We now expected the time of our deliverance had come. The tavern-keeper sent on board to see the captain for us, but our hopes were again dashed when he returned and said the captain could not take us. We determined, however, to see the captain ourselves and endeavour to persuade him to let us have a passage, at any rate. We had just sat down to supper when a letter was handed us. We hastily opened it, and, to our great surprise and joy, it was a *pass* from the magistrate for us to go on board the *Creole*—the vessel we had left. Who procured the pass for us, or in what way, we are still ignorant; we could only view the hand of God, and wonder. But we had every reason to expect the *Creole* had got out to sea, as it was three days since we left her. There was a possibility, however, of her having anchored at Saugur, seventy miles from where we then were. We had let our baggage continue in the boat into which it was first taken, therefore it was all in readiness; and after dark we all three got into the same boat and set out against the tide for Saugur. It was a most dreary night to me; but Mr. J. slept the greater part of the night. The next day he had a favourable wind, and before night reached Saugur, where were many ships at anchor, and among the rest we had the happiness to find the *Creole.* She had been anchored there two days, waiting for some of the ship's crew. I never enjoyed a sweeter moment in my life than that when I was sure we were in sight of the *Creole.* After spending a fortnight in such anxiety it was a great relief to find ourselves safe on board of the vessel in which we first embarked. All of us are now attending to the French language, as that is spoken altogether in the Isle of France. Though it has pleased our Heavenly Father lightly to afflict us, yet He has supported and delivered us from our trials, which still encourages us to trust in Him."

What a brave-hearted little woman Mrs. Judson was! When we think of the privations and trials of these pioneer missionaries, actually suffering from the harsh treatment of their own countrymen, baulked at every turn by difficulties which would not occur to the poorest travellers in these days, we see of what stuff they were made. Here is this delicately nurtured lady, with a holy fire of devotion to Christ burning in her heart, carrying with her to a strange land all those gifts of His to devote to His service—not a word of repining, no regrets about having given up so much to gain so little, no thinking how she may have thrown herself away on such a missionary career. She tells her story of suffering with scarcely any comment, but in one of her journals, scribbled on board the deck of this vessel, she opens her heart a little, thinking perhaps no one would ever see the writing. There is such a note of faith and triumph in these lines that we must save them from oblivion and show the splendid spirit and mettle of this Christian woman.

"Dec. 26, 1812.—This day closes the twenty-third year of my life. I have been reflecting on the many favours I have received, and the ingratitude of which I have been guilty this past year; and my heart has been uncommonly affected by the review. In the course of the past year I have assumed a new name and new relative duties—left my father's house, the circle of my dear friends, my beloved native land—and have been safely conducted across the ocean. In these events I would acknowledge the kind hand of my Heavenly Father. In changing my name He has allowed me to take the name of one who loves the cause of Christ, and makes the promotion of it the business of his life—one who is, in every respect, the most calculated to make me happy and useful of all the persons I have ever seen. I would also acknowledge the hand of God in supporting me through the trying scene of leaving my friends, and in making my voyage so comfortable and happy. Nor has our Heavenly Father forsaken us in this part of the world, but has raised us up friends in a strange land, has preserved our lives and our health in an uncongenial climate, has led us to examine the truths of His Word and given us clearer views than ever before of the ordinances of His House. He has afflicted us, it is true; but many favourable circumstances are not to be forgotten. And He is now carrying us to a land where we have some hope of finding a home for life. I feel that I have misused all the favours and privileges I have enjoyed, and though never under so great obligation, was never so guilty, so unworthy, so unqualified to serve Him. But I inwardly commended myself to His mercy and implored Him to forgive my sins, to cleanse my pollutions and enable me henceforth to live to Him and to Him alone."

CHAPTER VIII

RANGOON REACHED AT LAST

IN those days, when every ship had to depend upon its sails catching the wind, the *Creole* made slow progress, but at last the Isle of France was sighted, and the mountain which looks down upon Port Louis came in view. Hither had come one of their missionary band, Mr. Newell and his wife, and presently he came on board in deep mourning, bringing very sad news. Mrs. Newell, who had been ill during the voyage, did not survive to land; they had carried her dead body, with that of her little child, to the cemetery and laid them to rest. Here the place is marked by a monument which, many years after, was erected by the American Board for Foreign Missions. The news greatly distressed Mrs. Judson, for the two wives had been very intimate friends.

They did not stay here more than a few

months. Mr. Newell, with his sad, widowed heart, took ship to Ceylon, and Mr. Rice returned to New York, hoping by a mission of propaganda to stir up the hearts of the Baptist Christians in that country to take a deep interest in the work of foreign missions, and in this he was not disappointed. This left Mr. and Mrs. Judson alone on the island, and they determined to establish a mission on Pulo Penang, or Prince of Wales Island. They sailed in the *Countess of Harcourt* for Madras, where they met Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace, two English missionaries who gave them a hearty welcome. But they were still under the observation and power of the East India Company, who might again try to transport them to England, so the only way of escape was to go on board a vessel, the *Georgianna*, for Rangoon. The prospect was not by any means a reassuring one. They were leaving the protection of the British flag to venture into the cruel regime of a man well known already as a barbarian and bloodthirsty tyrant. Their ship was crazy and unseaworthy, it was a marvel that in the midst of the rough weather she encountered she did not go to the bottom with all her precious freight. And to

In Ceylon;

make matters still worse Mrs. Judson was really ill—the hardships she had borne had begun to tell upon her; so ill was she that it was considered absolutely necessary for her to have a nurse to attend her. A few hours, however, after the ship had sailed, this poor woman fell dead on deck, and during the tempestuous voyage Mrs. Judson grew worse, and it seemed that unless by some providence a lull and spell of quiet could come, she would never survive to reach Rangoon. This deliverance, however, came, for during a storm the captain said the only course to save the ship would be to sail through a little strait between the Little and the Great Andaman Islands, where he had never been before, and had been told that any vessel getting ashore at that narrow inlet would be seized upon by the natives and the crew killed and eaten. Not a very cheerful prospect! But this terrible misadventure did not happen; on the contrary, the sudden calm and peace of quiet channel gave Mrs. Judson the necessary rest for her recovery, and her strength had in a measure returned when they reached the harbour of Rangoon. They little thought then that they had really reached their destined

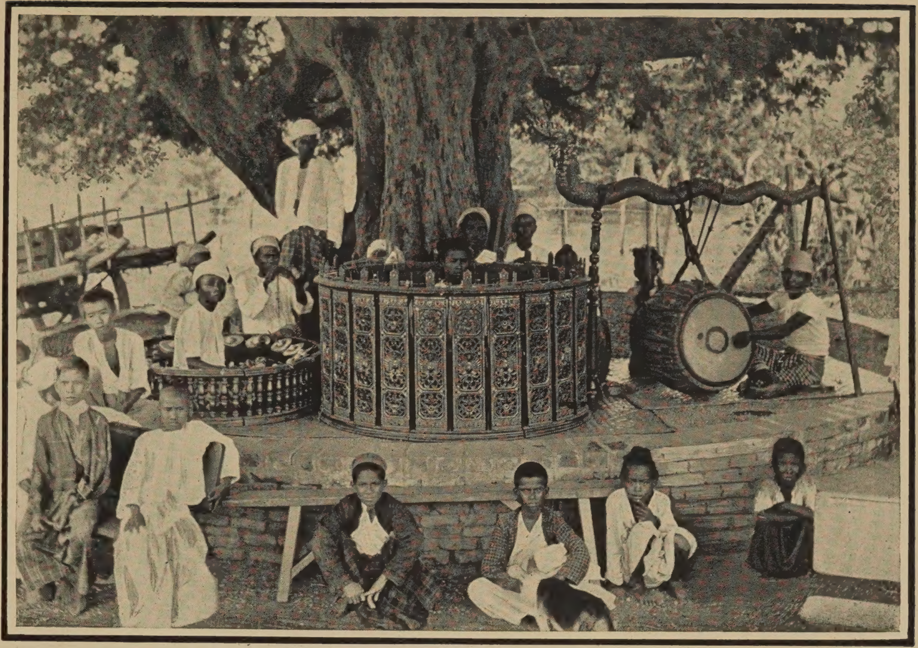
In Burma

field of labour, for Judson as the Apostle of Burma will always be known.

This was not the first time that a missionary had landed at Rangoon. In January 1807 two Baptist missionaries, Chater and Mardon, arrived on a visit of inspection from England and gave a very favourable report of their impressions on reaching Serampore, their final destination, having stayed four or five months in the place. As a result, Mr. Charter and Mr. Felix Carey, a son of the famous Dr. Carey, were sent out there in November with their wives, and these were joined three years later by Pritchett and Brain, representing the London Missionary Society. Death removed one of these brethren, and a violent revolt threw all the country into confusion, and when Rangoon itself was in jeopardy Mr. Chater came away and went to Ceylon. Mr. Carey still stood to his post, and at the time of the arrival of the Judsons was at Ava, having been summoned thither to inoculate several members of the royal family.

To Mr. and Mrs. Judson, especially the latter, it must have been a delightful experience to get into a pretty little mission house, built of teak, in one of the suburbs of the city, and to receive a hearty welcome from Mrs. Carey, who was a native of the country. Mrs. Judson gives us some vivid sketches of these early days and her curious adventures on landing among the Burmese for the first time.

"We felt very gloomy and dejected the first night we arrived, in view of our prospects; but we were enabled to lean on God and to feel that He was able to support us under the most discouraging circumstances. The next morning I prepared to go on shore, but hardly knew how I should get to Mr. Carey's house, as there was no method of conveyance, except a horse, which I was unable to ride. It was however, concluded that I should be carried in an arm-chair. Consequently, when I landed, one was provided, through which were put two bamboos, and four of the natives took me on their shoulders. When they had carried me a little way into the town they set me down under a shade, when great numbers of the natives gathered round, as they had seldom seen an English female. Being sick and weak, I held my head down, which induced many of the native females to come very near and look under my bonnet. At this I looked up and



A BURMESE ORCHESTRA

The Burmese are fond of music, especially the tinkling and clash of bells. The boys inside these drums strike the gongs which surround them.

smiled, at which they set up a loud laugh. They again took me up to carry, and the multitude of natives gave a shout which much diverted us. They next carried me to a place they call the custom-house. It was a small, open shed, in which were seated on mats several natives, who were the custom-house officers. After searching Mr. Judson very closely they asked liberty for a native female to search me, to which I readily consented. I was then brought to the mission house, where I have entirely recovered my health."

Later on she paid a visit to one of the State officers of the place, or rather to his favourite wife.

"To-day, for the first time, I have visited the wife of the Viceroy. I was introduced to her by a French lady who has frequently visited her. When we first arrived at the Government House she was not up, consequently we had to wait some time. But the inferior wives of the Viceroy diverted us much by their curiosity in minutely examining everything we had on, and by trying on our gloves, bonnets, etc. At last Her Highness made her appearance, dressed richly in the Burman fashion, with a long silver pipe in her mouth, smoking. At her appearance all the other wives took their seats at a respectable distance, and sat in a crouching posture, without speaking. She received me very politely, took me by the hand, seated me on a mat, and herself by me. She excused herself for not coming in sooner, saying she was unwell. One of the women brought her a bunch of flowers, of which she took several and ornamented my cap. She was very inquisitive as to whether I had a husband and children, whether I was my husband's first wife—meaning by this whether I was the highest amongst them, supposing that Mr. Judson, like the Burmans, had many wives — and whether I intended tarrying long in the country.

" When the Viceroy came in I really trembled, for I never before beheld such a savage-looking creature. His long robe and enormous spear not a little increased my dread. He spoke to me, however, very condescendingly, and asked if I would drink some rum or wine. When I arose to go, Her Highness again took my hand, told me she was happy to see me, and I must come to see her every day. She led me to the door, I made my *salaam* and departed. My object in visiting her was, that if ever we should get into any difficulty with the Burmans I could have access to her when perhaps it would not be possible for Mr. Judson to have an audience with the Viceroy."

The life of the new missionaries in the fresh surroundings was busy enough, and they found in the companionship of Dr. Carey and his family a home feeling which they had not known before. They found it necessary, however, to remove to a new dwelling-place, nearer in the town, for safety, especially at night, for the country was infested with wild and cruel robbers, who watched for every opportunity of seizing upon defenceless people, and entering houses not sufficiently protected. The country was in a ferment, government was deranged, and it was not at all uncommon for assassination to take place when any official representing the Court had made himself too objectionable. This offence was always followed by the most harrowing punishment, in which the wretched culprit was condemned to a slow and painful death.

It was this disturbed political condition of Burma which made Dr. F. Carey's help particularly appreciated by the King. He was continually being required, as on the occasion of the landing of the Judsons, to visit Ava, the royal city. The reigning monarch had given him a title of honour, and he already began to exercise considerable influence in Court circles. His advice and interposition were sought, not so much with the unruly Burmans as with the English, represented by the East India Company, often much irritated by the attitude of the native ruler, and possibly determined to have some share in such a rich province. So from time to time Carey is found at Bengal and Calcutta trying to make peace and heal the wounds of offended pride and ambition.

A terrible catastrophe followed one of his visits to Ava. He had set sail, at the royal command, to reach Ava, but in the river the brig which carried him and all his family came to grief; the sailors were unable to manage her, and, sad to tell, the vessel was utterly lost, and her crew and passengers, almost without exception, drowned. Carey had been preparing for a permanent residence at the capital, and with the going down of the ship lost all his luggage, wearing apparel, medicines, his few precious surgical instruments and everything he possessed. But this was not all. His wife, his two children, the women and the men servants, being unable to swim, were drowned before his eyes. He struggled to save his eldest little boy, but nearly lost his own life in the attempt, and swam to shore a man wifeless, childless, and utterly destitute. Such a calamity would have discouraged and disheartened anyone, but Felix Carey, like his father, was of the stuff of which missionaries are made, a brave and undaunted man.

The Judsons felt the loss too very keenly, and had to settle down to their work without any assistance or encouragement from Christian friends. Mrs. Judson tells us, in one of her letters at this time, a little of their isolated and trying position, but of course without any idea of complaint.

"We have no society, no dear Christian friends, and, with the exception of two or three sea captains, who now and then call upon us, we never see a European face. When we feel a disposition to sigh for the enjoyments of our native country, we turn our eyes to the miserable objects around. We behold some of them labouring hard for a scanty subsistence, oppressed by an avaricious Government, which is ever ready to seize what industry has hardly earned. We behold others sick and diseased, daily begging their few grains of rice, which, when obtained, are barely sufficient to preserve their wretched existence, and with no other present habitation to cover them from the burning sun or chilly rains than that which a small piece of cloth, raised on four bamboos under the shade of a tree, can afford.

Condition of the Burmese

"While we behold these scenes we feel that we have all the comforts and, in comparison, even the luxuries of life. We feel that our temporal cup of blessings is full and runneth over. But is our temporal lot so much superior to theirs? O how infinitely superior are our spiritual blessings. While they in vain imagine to purchase promotion in another state of existence, by strictly worshipping their idols and building pagodas, our hopes of future happiness are fixed on the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

Here, then, for a little space, we will leave Mr. and Mrs. Judson, and in the next chapter get a glimpse of this country and its people, their history and character, the better to understand the work of the missionaries in their midst.

CHAPTER IX

THE LAND OF THE PAGODAS

THERE was, of course, a time when Burma was as unknown as the mountains of the moon. Its ancient people kept no records, so the past history is in shadow, only lit up by little gleams of tradition, chiefly of mighty men who slew others less mighty, and legendary gods with good and bad spirits, generally bad, which no man can number. One of these tribal rulers established his dynasty and made Prome his capital, but at the sunrise of the Christian era his line ceased and Pagan became the seat of government. Buddhism came by the visit of two monks of the yellow robe two hundred and fifty years before this, not from China but the Court of King Asoka in India. Then grew the pagodas amid religious wars, and later on, in A.D. 1254, Kublai Khan rewarded the impertinence of the Burmese King by sacking the capital, the story of which Marco Polo tells so vividly. Like many nations of the East, Burma kept the seclusion of its own coasts and its counsels hidden away from the eye of the European until such time as the sailing galleons of a discoverer's fleet found their way to its harbours and saw for the first time the people of the unknown land. Wedged in, as it were, between Hindustan on the one side and China on the other, its earliest name seems to have been Chin-India—a combination of both countries. The first to have come in touch with it seems to have been the Portuguese, who at that time represented the prowess of the sea. We find in 1519 that they are busy concluding a treaty with the King of Pegu, one of its southern provinces, for on the coast they had established, with an eye to business, trading factories at Martaban and Syriam. Then at the close of that eventful century another European nation appears upon the scene—the Dutch, also then a maritime and commercial power, taking possession, after the easy manner of that time, of the island of Negrais. Then in 1612 the rich Indiamen, those adventurous and noble vessels of the

East India Company, hove in sight with merchants and soldiers galore, and factories (which, of course, in those times did not mean manufacturing premises, but simple trade stores) are being rapidly built at Syriam, Prome, Ava and Bhamo. But trouble broke out, not unexpected perhaps, and through a quarrel with the Dutch and the Governor of Pegu all European merchants were sent about their business, and as regards the unfortunate Dutch, never to return. But the Governor of Syriam saw evidently some advantage in having the English merchants near at hand, and in 1688 (a memorable year in English history) he wrote to the Governor of Madras inviting the merchants to settle down at Pegu, and a year later they were securely fixed at Negrais and Bassein. Then the French flag appears in these waters, and these arrivals soon get mixed up with the internal disagreements, to their loss, for we find that in 1755 the French are suspected of supplying stores and arms to the defeated enemy, and a terrible massacre of merchants followed as a reprisal.

We are now in the middle of Burmese history. The Peguans, aided by Europeans, urged war to the death against their northern rivals; in 1752, Ava, the capital, is taken, and Dweep-dee, the last of the ancient Burman kings, is captured, and Binga Della, the victorious King of Pegu, places his son on the throne at Ava. It seemed now that all possibility of revolution was quelled, and the new line of Burman royalty was to be permanent and undisturbed. Then something happens in Burma which changes everything, as such simple events have done elsewhere in the history of the world. A poor Burman of obscure birth, called Alompra, is known in his native village of Manchaboo as a huntsman and something more, for he gets together a hundred picked warriors, and with this Gideonitish band puts to flight small detachments of the victorious Peguans. Then, after carefully maturing his plans and directing his increasing band of patriots, he suddenly appears in the autumn of 1753 before the gates of Ava and takes possession. Victory began to follow all his battles; he not only defeated the King of Pegu, but followed him into his own dominions, captured his capital, and gave it up to plunder and massacre. Then the Siamese offended him, and Alompra invaded

Siam, and he was not far from taking by storm the capital of that nation when a fatal disease cut him off in the fiftieth year of his age, after nine years of rule and conquest, the very Napoleon of his country and time. His son, who rejoiced in the name of Namdojee Praed, was only a boy, who died, and his uncle, Shembuan, took the crown and captured Ayuthia, the metropolis of Siam. Then a Chinese army crosses the border, fifty thousand strong, to check the ambition of this Burman, but at a village named Chiboo they find themselves surrounded by their wily enemy, who starved them into inefficiency and then coolly destroyed half of their number, the surviving twenty-five thousand entering the Burman capital in chains and then compelled to labour at their trades for the benefit of their captors. But the Court grew corrupt, revolution and assassinations became common, and finally Minderagee, the usurper of the throne, with evidently some of the old warlike blood in his veins, sends a fleet of little war-vessels against Arakan, whose chiefs take refuge in English territory at Chittagong, where he crossed swords with the nation which was destined one day to rule in his stead over a united and peaceful Burma. Sir Archibald Campbell, with an English force, sailed up the Irawadi River, and though greatly outnumbered, captured Rangoon and ultimately Prome and Ava, and, as we shall see later on, Judson was utilised at this juncture to bring about the treaty of Yandaboo in February 1826, which brought not only a heavy tribute, but the provinces of Assam, Arakan and the coast of Tenasserim to the British rule. This was called the first Burmese war; the second, caused by atrocious treatment of ships and officers, ended by Lord Dalhousie annexing the province of Pegu, when the dismissed and discredited king sent a complimentary mission to Calcutta in 1855, asking for the restoration of his country. Lord Dalhousie pointed to the sun, and said significantly, "So long as the sun shines in the heavens, so long will the British flag wave over Pegu." The third war was with King Theebaud, a vain little despot, who tried to get the French to help him in his political difficulties. General Prendergast led an army to Mandalay, which, however, surrendered at discretion, and this little tyrant was sent, with his queen, to end his days in exile at Ratnagiri on the west coast of India.

Having traced the military history of Burma, for every decade seems to be stained with bloodshed, let us look for a moment at the country itself, with its resources, before getting a peep at the people themselves, how they live and move and have their being. Unlike many parts of India, the country of Burma has no dreary deserts and waterless plains; it is rich in rains and the climate is so good that vegetation is everywhere prolific. Corn, rice, sugar, cotton, indigo, and all sorts of tropical fruits grow in abundance, but its greatest value lies underground. The gold and silver mines are inexhaustible, but its valleys and rivers are famous for gems, rubies, sapphires, and immense quantities of pure amber, besides the ordinary mineral wealth of iron, tin, lead, antimony, arsenic and sulphur, these make Burma a golden and precious corner of the British Empire. Apart altogether from these resources, the forests of the country are rich in teak timber, which, when cut, is dragged by elephants to the rivers, to float down-stream during the rainy season. The bamboo is the common and indispensable stick of the Burmese; indeed, you can do anything with it, or, rather, the natives can, from correction to comfort.

Burma is the bird-land of the East, nearly one thousand different species being found there. Some are our old friends—warblers, tomtits, crows, cuckoos, starlings, larks, owls and pheasants, besides the richly feathered trogons with two toes, laughing birds and chattering parrots, and all the pretty minstrelsy of Oriental forest glades. Monkeys abound, also tiger-civets and bear-cats, jackals and mongooses, and bats; big ones, known as the flying fox, and little ones, orange coloured and fluttering like a butterfly, are always in evidence. Among creeping things one meets with snakes and lizards in great variety; crocodiles lurk in the mud banks, frogs which fly with expanded feet; and as sport for fishermen there are hammer-headed sharks on the coast, rays with an electric battery between the fins, and all sorts of river fishes. Altogether quite a lively sphere for the sportsman.

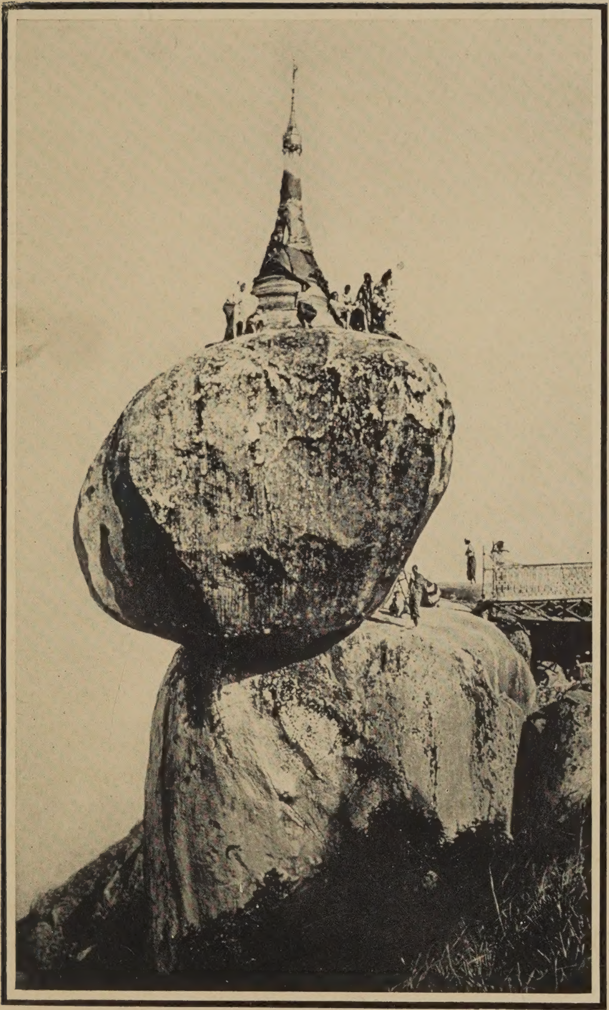
The Burmese are a mixture of several races, but, like the English, they have a general characteristic, which distinguishes them from the people of other nations. Speaking generally, they are a compound of Chinese and Malay. Their name comes from their own title, Mram-ma, which got corrupted into Ba-má, and this is pretty much as it is pronounced to-day. The race of the Talaings originally sprang from the Muns Indians, south of Orissa, some centuries before the Christian era; that of the Karens are supposed to have crossed the great Desert of Gobi thirteen centuries ago, that of the Shans came from the states of that name to the east of Burma, they are agriculturists and associated with Assam, and finally the race of the Chins, originally a wild robber people on the frontiers, who tattoo the faces of young girls, who otherwise are gradually mingling with the Burmese.

The Burman, whose face will grow so familiar to us in these pages later on, is of short stature and thick set, wearing his hair as long as that of a woman, if he can manage it, and clean shaven, if indeed he ever has the chance of being otherwise. No one gives him credit for being industrious; perhaps he may be counted among the laziest people in the world. It has been said that centuries of despotic and repressive government have made him what he is; this may account for his suspicious, crafty and unfeeling temperament. Here is a picture of him in words, drawn by one evidently who knows his man very well:

"The Burmese is calm and contented. He does not want to grow rich. When he does make a large sum of money he spends it all on some pious work or on a feast. He jogs on through a cheerful existence, troubled by no anxious cares and free from all temptations or ambitions. His daily round is simple enough. In the morning, after his bath, he loiters about, talking to the neighbours till breakfast time, or perhaps strolls out to the corner of his paddy field and indulges in a smoke. After breakfast he probably dozes through the heat of the day, and when the shadows begin to get long, saunters about again. A semblance of regular labour appears when the paddy is being sown or the grain reaped, but even then no one is in the least inclined to disturb himself for the sake of rapid work. The evenings are spent ordinarily at a play during the fine season or in a converse over a cheroot at a friend's house during the rains. Variety comes occasionally in the shape of a hilarious journey to a distant pagoda feast, or a trip down the river. His greatest ambition is to see the village boat successful at the races, and the village champion cock or buffalo triumphant over all competitors. No calamity is so overwhelming as to make a Burmese despond. Some years ago a terrible fire occurred in Mandalay, and spread so rapidly that the inhabitants of a whole quarter were unable to save anything but the clothes they wore. When a benevolent European went next day to relieve them, he found that they had fitted up a kind of rough theatre amid the charred stumps of their houses, and were laughing and making jokes about their blackened surroundings" (*Burmah and the Burmese*, C. L. Socy., Madras).

The native dress of these people is that of a race to whom raiment elegant and expensive is rather attractive. When a man has plenty of money he will provide himself with a silk cloth of considerable length, to be wound round his portly body and then tucked in with a twist in front; whatever remains will be thrown over the shoulder. Underneath this is a short white cotton jacket, and next comes a dark-coloured garment; on his head he will wear a sort of turban, made from a loose flowered silk handkerchief, and he will wear whatever jewels and trinkets he can possibly put on. The women are not particular, a kind of silk or cotton sack thrown over the head and tied round the waist with a gaudy bit of silk handkerchief, and a handful of real flowers twined in their black, glossy hair, is all that is necessary for ordinary occasions. The general appearance is heightened by the habit, common to both men and women, of colouring their teeth and eyelids with black paint.

Not much can be said in praise of the native dwellings. At the time of Judson the Burmese Government would not allow anyone to build a house of brick, nor ornamented with gilding; it was also customary to build of wood, and of one storey, because it would not be good manners to allow anyone to walk above your head. But while the houses are mean—among the poor merely a fragile hut of bamboo—the pagodas are the most striking object in any landscape in Burma. A description of these will best be given when the religion of the people is described. Of domestic furniture very little is required; they never sit on chairs, and find no use for tables. A few mats are quite sufficient for their needs; their cooking is all



Stereo by Underwood & Underwood *London and N. York*

THE KGAY HEYO

This pagoda is remarkable for its position on a round piece of rock on the Kelasa Hills, which is supposed to be miraculously balanced by a hair of Buddha.

done outside, at the back of the house, where one may see the lady of the house with a few earthen pots on the fire, and in her hand a very primitive ladle made by half a cocoanut with a stick fixed through it. One thing can be said of the Burmese, they are fond of animals, and every family has its pet dog.

Babies seem to have had a good time in Burma, although the mother has much to put up with, worried and afflicted by a score of superstitious rites and customs, which soon make her old. But the little one is evidently glad to be born. A baby's cradle generally consists of a rude basket, covered with a blanket or some old clothes, swinging by a couple of ropes from the roof in the centre of the house. The mother may often be seen sitting by it, swinging it backwards and forwards with songs of different kinds. When a child is quiet the words may be:

"Sweet my babe, your father's coming,
Rest and hear the songs I'm humming;
He will come and gently tend you,
Rock your cot and safe defend you."

A noisy child is thus addressed:

"Mercy, what an awful squall!
Don't you hear mamma at all?

"Where's your father? Fie, for shame!
He could quiet you if he came,
But he won't, he lolls and smokes,
With the neighbours cracks his jokes."

"O you plaguey, nasty brat!
I must call the great big cat,
He will come and squeeze and bite,
Scratch and eat you up outright!"

The child is usually named about a fortnight after birth. A fortunate day and hour is sought from the astrologer, and friends are invited to a feast; the child's head is usually washed for the first time on this day. It is a rule that a child's name must begin with one of the letters belonging to the day on which it was born. The letters of the alphabet are apportioned to the day of the week, according to the following rhyme, which every Burmese child can repeat:

"Ka, kha, ga, gha, nga, Taninla,
Sa, hsa, za, zba, nya, Aniga,
Ta, tha, da, dha, na, Sanay, etc."

Children born on Monday have for the initial letter of their names K, Kh, G, Gh or Ng. Tuesday's children have the choice of letters in the second row, and so on. The common belief is that a man's disposition is according to the day of his birth. A man born on Monday will be jealous; on Tuesday, honest; on Wednesday, short-tempered, but soon calm again; on Thursday, mild; on Friday, talkative; on Saturday, quarrelsome; on Sunday, miserly. Each day has also its particular animal. Monday is represented by a tiger; Tuesday by a lion; Wednesday by an elephant with tusks; Thursday by a rat; Friday by a guinea-pig; Saturday by a dragon; Sunday by a fabulous half-beast, half-bird. Worshippers present red or yellow wax candles at pagodas, made into the shape of these animals, according to the day on which they were born.

The Burmese have no surnames. A man may have a dozen sons, not one of whom has the same name as his father. Most Burmese change their names several times. A young child may first be called "Little Man." A few years later he may be called "Big Little Man." Later he may call himself "Mr. Boy"; when he reaches the age of forty he may call himself "Old Small" or "Old Boy."

When a young man wishes to change his name he makes up a number of packets of pickled tea, and sends round a friend to all his acquaintances with the following message: "I have come from Mr. Golden Stupid. He is not to be called by that name any longer. When you write him, call him Mr. Celebrated Father. Be good enough to eat this pickled tea." (*Burma and the Burmese*, p. 8, C. L. Socy., Madras).

ခပ်သိမ်းသောလူကြီးလူငယ်၊ပညာနုသောသူ၊
ပညာရင့်သောသူတို့သည် ဘတ်ကြည့်နာယူသ
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ခြင်းနှင့်ဆိုင်ရာဆိုင်ကြောင်းဖြစ်သော

အမေးအဖြေ။

CHAPTER X

THE BROWN BOYS OF BURMA

THE family circle all the world over is pretty much the same, and it is not difficult to picture the little group in Burma, father, mother and children, all squatting on straw mats on the earthen floor of their little bamboo dwelling, drinking weak tea and eating dainty morsels of fried fish, of course with fingers only. Then the little son is left to crawl about in the sunshine, amusing himself to his heart's content, sometimes even finding his mother's cheroot and surreptitiously enjoying a stolen smoke. Often if it is washing-day he is carried to the river and taught by a simple method to learn swimming. Thus the youngster has plenty of fresh air and liberty, and grows up, as a rule, a strong lad, ready for play and the work which comes later on.

The Burmese boy starts school when he

is eight years of age; the place where he steps on the first rung of the ladder of learning is called a *kyoung*. He may not work very hard at first, and many a time the young dark eye is turned to the sunshine and the shadows under the bright green trees outside, with the old schoolboy longing for liberty. But he must, at any rate, learn to read and write, and it takes some time to master that difficult alphabet of his people. We must not imagine the little fellow poring over the fluttering and perhaps tear-stained leaves of a book. In his hands is a roughly made black slate of wood, and upon this these wonderful letters are inscribed. Again, there is a difference between his school and ours; we are told to be quiet and work, the Burmese boy, however, is allowed to shout aloud his A, B, C, and it is said when a crowd of scholars are crying out the letters of the alphabet in one uproar, as of many waters, it is the boy who at last sits silent who is accounted the lazy one and to be admonished to go on shouting, under pain of punishment. One of the penalties is for a culprit to take one of the other boys, let us hope a light one, on his back and trot round the schoolroom. The written language has a most curious aspect to a Western eye; for a moment it looks as though there was little difference between a line of circles, occasionally broken in half or placed one above the other; this is Pali, the language of the ancient literature of the religion of Burma.

No one can speak so well of the character of the Burmese schoolboy as that veteran missionary, the Rev. J. E. Marks, who did so much towards their training in their native land. Describing the character of such a one, he tells us that when this bright lad entered the monastery, or *kyoung*, he "made fair progress in Burmese reading, writing and arithmetic. At home he helped his mother and sisters in household duties. He drew the water from the well, or fetched it from the brook. He helped in the cooking. He tended the pony, or cows, or buffaloes. He was very useful, and was bright, good tempered and cheerful. But a Burman boy has his faults. He does not always speak the truth, though the Burmese are, I think, better in this respect than the natives of India. He uses, even when he is quite young, very bad words, so bad, that we dare not translate them, and he is so uncertain and untrustworthy. After being good and diligent for a long time, he suddenly, without any apparent cause, becomes naughty and idle. And then he runs away from school and home.

"I was never surprised when three or four prefects reported to me in the morning that some boys out of their bedrooms had run away during the night. No one knew why they had run away or where they had gone to. We could only note their absence and wait patiently. We well knew that they had not gone far, and that at any monastery they would get plenty to eat and a share in the daily lessons. In a few days the wandering spirit would wear off, and the truant would return, very penitent and humble. He would receive the inevitable punishment, and would resume his place at home and school, a wiser but scarcely a sadder boy. It takes a good deal to make a Burman sad" (*A Boy's Life in Burma*, S.P.G).

As the boys grow up, unless they have entered upon the trying career of a Buddhist monk, they may be seen just as fond of amusements and even athletic sports as an English or American. They play football, but instead of the redoubtable sphere of leather, it is made of light basket-work. And the great thing is not apparently to make any goals as to show his dexterity in holding the ball and keeping it in the air as long as possible. This means the possibility of a Burmese game with only one player. There are some games which boys play all the world over, and one of these is marbles, in which the little Burmese shows a good deal of skill. But in this, as well as cricket, at which he is quite ready to try his hand, he does not care to be fettered with rules and regulations, and therefore in a contest with an English team of boys he would come off second best, if indeed he was allowed to play at all. They are all fond of boating, and the end of a rowing match is the occasion of much feasting and marching through the village street. The cruel custom of cock-fighting, which was once a favourite amusement with the Burmese, is prohibited now, but gambling, in which these people all terribly inclined, is still a national evil. All these people are fond of theatricals, and their plays, which are open-air performances, will often go on all night, mats being provided for those of the audience who would like to add to their happiness an hour's quiet sleep.

No nation in the world can do its tattooing more efficiently than the Burmese; they do not, however, ornament or disfigure their faces like the Maoris of New Zealand, but are content to expend all their art and mystery upon the thighs, down to the knees, and this elaborate ornamentation of the legs is considered a manly attraction and not by any means undisclosed. It is, of course, common to find an English sailor or soldier with remarkable tattoo devices on his breast and arms, but these are far more ornate and descriptive; elephants, lizards, and all sorts of creatures, with curious figures and geometrical puzzles, being worked into the supple skin and coloured with vermilion. It need hardly be said that the idea in these tattoo marks is not only a vain show, but the use of such, as charms against evil spirits, snake bites and, in fact, all the ills that flesh is heir to. With the girls there is no tattooing, but an equally painful practice exists of boring the ears as they get sufficiently old to come into social life. It is done by piercing the lobe of the ear with a golden or silver needle, and then keeping it open and large until quite healed, so that those strange flat plates of gold or silver may become a permanent fashion with the fair sex. When very poor they have to be satisfied with pushing a cheroot through the hole in the ear, or even a little twist of common paper. Next to personal adornment, perhaps the most important thing in Burma is the carrying of an umbrella; these are carefully regulated by certain laws from the high court official to the meanest subject—the colour, the length of the stick, even the number of these necessary commodities must all be according to custom. It may be positively wicked to have a fringe on your umbrella, and when an English visitor innocently opens his white sunshade in Burma he little thinks that such an act is high treason and punishable with death.

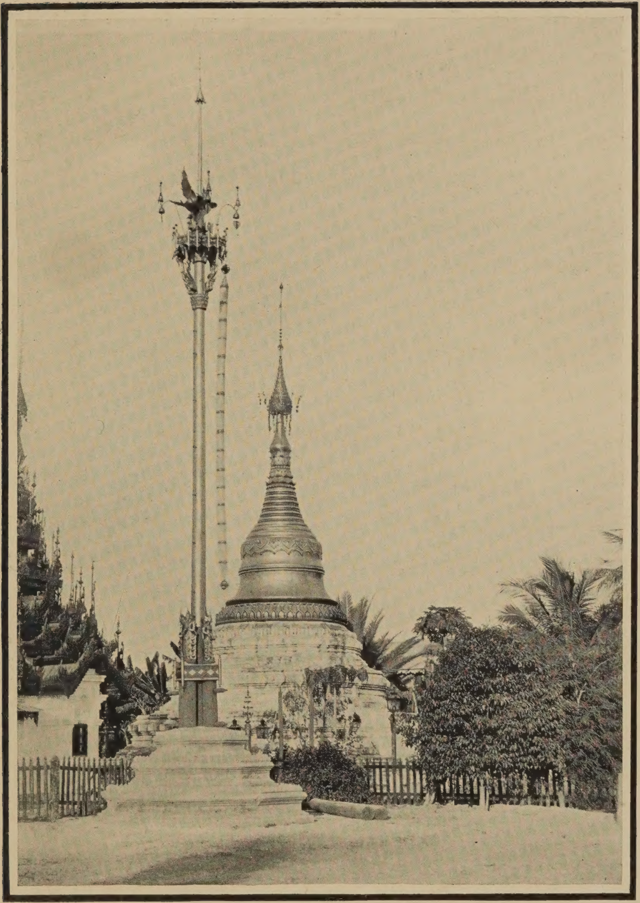
The people of Burma are particularly fond of bells; indeed, next to Bruges in Belgium there is no place in the world perhaps where the tolling and the tinkling of bell-ringing is more constantly in one's ears than in this land. They are not shaped like ours, being more like barrels, big and little, but their sound is generally sweet and agreeable, and is caused, not by a swinging tongue, but by strokes from outside by deers' antlers or billets of wood. They ring, not to bring people to church, as might be expected, but to perpetuate the praise of the great Buddha. And this brings us to the important question as to what religion these Burmese possessed before the coming of the Christian missionaries. It may be said of the Burmese, as of every Oriental nation, with all their faults and ignorances they *have* a religion, and would open their eyes in wonder if told of any people being possible who did not worship or believe in any religion. In very truth it is only the fool, as the Bible tells us, who hath said in his heart there is no God.

Religion

There are, indeed, two religions there—one called Nat worship and the other Buddhism. The first is the oldest and more widely believed; it is mysterious and fearful worship of demons and evil spirits, which all through the East is the common idea and practice. The nats are innumerable, often believed in as once human, and now condemned for their sins to wander forth, taking refuge under the leaves of the trees, the houses of the people, and sometimes of the bodies and souls of those who worship them. Of course their worship is one of fear, lest they injure and destroy; shrines are built in every village, drink and food is put on the ground for them, indeed, no man of the lower class Talaing would think of eating a morsel of dinner, however hungry, without holding up his plate in the air and uttering a prayer to the nat of his village. The man who goes in the fields ties a bunch of plantains to his cart to propitiate the nat, the fisherman makes his offering as he launches his canoe, and there is hardly a time or a place in the life of the Burmese where a demon is not. It is obvious that such a religion can bring no comfort or content to its frightened and superstitious adherents.

The other great religion is Buddhism, and this is in evidence everywhere. You cannot approach a town in Burma without noting its twisted minarets of the pagoda domes. In every street are the monks with their yellow silk robes and shaven heads, every schoolboy begins with the wise sayings of Buddha, and one can hardly look in a window or turn towards a temple without catching a glimpse of the idol, a solemn, sightless figure, sitting with hands clasped in deep thought. Though worshipped on all hands as a god, he was really once a man whose life is perfectly well known and greatly trusted in by millions of the lower race.

The son of the king of the Sakya tribe in India, Buddha was born at Kapilabastu, one hundred miles from Benares, and it is said that while still a baby he marched across the floor, saying in a loud voice, "I am the most exalted in the world! I am the chief of the world; hereafter there is for me no other birth" And at each of his seven steps found a lotus flower sprang up. He grew up to be a wise prince, and was happily married, but in his twenty-ninth year he met with the terrible sorrow and suffering of the world by the sight of a broken and decrepit old man, which so shocked the young Gautama that he cried, "Woe to youth which must be destroyed with old age! Woe to health which must be destroyed by so many diseases! Woe to this life where man remains so short a time! If there was no old age, no disease, no death; if these could be made captive for ever!" He made thereon the great renunciation, left



By permission of *Rev. A. H. Finn*

MEIKTALA PAGODA

These pagodas are the striking feature in every Burmese town; the tall and graceful mast is surmounted by the sacred goose. These are temples for relics to which the people have no access, their prayers are said outside.

home and comfort and friends and became a poor Brahmin ascetic, but soon found that all his self-denial and voluntary sufferings did not give him peace. Then, sitting under a tree, the light of a new truth came to his mind: misery, he saw, was the indispensable accompaniment of existence, and the shadow of all life is sorrow:

> "We are the voices of the wandering wind,
> Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
> Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
> A moan, a sigh, a sot, a storm, a strife."

Turning in despair from a life that is destined to such sorrow, he saw that happiness could only be gained by extinction, and this was to be reached, not by a sudden act of suicide, but by long struggles after right purpose and behaviour. The root of sorrow, said he, is desire; get rid of this and the other must cease; keep all the commandments and four steps of bliss will be ensured, namely, a change of heart, deliverance from ignorance and doubt, a state of perfect kindness and then *Nirvana*, the "blowing out," annihilation, loss of self and individuality, like a drop falling again into the ocean.

To serve this religion the Buddhist boys think it the height of their ambition to become monks in the monasteries, though this means hardship and a solitary and begging life hereafter, the noble order of the yellow robe. Buddha lived six hundred years before Christ, and his life, with its sincere quest of truth and unselfish spirit, has been the admiration of millions, and his moral precepts are in many respects pure and uplifting. But it fails because it has no god but its human originator, it cleanses the outside of human nature but it cannot give a new heart, it has prayers but no real access to God, there is no plea for pardon or hope of heaven. Mrs. Judson came in contact with it, face to face, in Burma, and she gives this as her opinion of Buddhism:

Mrs.
Judson
on
Buddhism!

"Though the religion inculcates benevolence, tenderness, forgiveness of injuries, and love of enemies,—though it forbids sensuality, love of pleasure and attachment to worldly objects,—yet it is destitute of power to produce the former or to subdue the latter in its votaries. In short, the Burman system of religion is like an alabaster image, perfect and beautiful in all its parts, but destitute of life. Besides being destitute of life, it provides no atonement for sin. There also the gospel triumphs over this and every other religion in the world."

CHAPTER XI

SUFFERINGS AT SEA

IN the summer of 1816 the home of the Judsons was visited by a sad loss, their one little boy, still only a baby, was removed by the hand of death. Amid their lonely and desolate surroundings this child had been a little bit of sunshine, and as he lay panting on a mat at the feet of his father they felt all that isolation, that sense of being so far away from friends and medical aid, at a time like that. It can easily be imagined with what tears they laid him to rest.

Mrs. Judson, like a mother refusing to be comforted, used to go and sit among the cluster of mango trees where was the grave of her little boy. But she was brave and was satisfied that whatever God does is for the best. "Though I say with the prophet, 'Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow,' yet I would also say with him, ‘It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not.’ ”

Then through constant strain the health of Mr. Judson began to give way. He had been working at the language so incessantly, and had succeeded in completing a valuable tract on Christianity to be read by the natives. But partly through the loss of his child and his own unwearied labours, he quite broke down; his sight was failing him, and he must get some rest and change. They decided to take ship and sail to Bengal, when the news came that Mr. and Mrs. Hough, two helpers from the Baptist friends in America, were on their way to Rangoon. This postponed their departure, and one day, a time never to be forgotten, after all these years of toil and pleading, the first inquirer about the religion brought to Burma appeared. Only those who have been fishing all night and have caught nothing can understand the joy which came into Mr. Judson’s heart. In a letter he wrote home he tells the story thus:

“As I was sitting with my teacher, as usual, a Burman of respectable appearance, and followed by a servant, came up the steps and sat down by me. I asked him the usual question, where he came from—to which he gave me no explicit reply—and I began to suspect that he had come from the Government House to enforce a trifling request which in the morning we had declined. He soon, however, undeceived and astonished me by asking, 'How long a time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?' I replied that such a question could not be answered. If God gave light and wisdom the religion of Jesus was soon learnt; but without God a man might study all his life long and make no proficiency. 'But how,' continued I, 'came you to know anything of Jesus? Have you ever been here before?' 'No.' 'Have you ever seen any writing concerning Jesus?' 'I have seen two little books.' 'Who is God?' 'He is a being without beginning or end, who is not subject to old age and death but always is.' I cannot tell how I felt at that moment. This was the first acknowledgment of an Eternal God that I had ever heard from the lips of a Burman. I handed him a tract and catechism, both which he instantly recognised, and read here and there, making occasional remarks to his follower, such as, 'This is the true God; this is the right way,' etc. I now tried to tell him some things about God and Christ and himself, but he did not listen with much attention and seemed anxious only to get another book. I had already told him two or three times that I had finished no other book, but that in two or three months I would give him a larger one, which I was now daily employed in translating. 'But,' replied he, 'have you not a little of that book done which you will graciously give me now?' And I, beginning to think that God's time is better than man's, folded and gave him the first two sheets, which contain the first five chapters of Matthew, on which he instantly rose, as if his business was all done, and, having received an invitation to come again, took his leave. Throughout his short stay he appeared different from any Burmans I have yet met with. He asked no questions about customs and manners, with which the Burmans tease us exceedingly. He had no curiosity and no desire for anything but '*more of this sort of writing.*' In fine, his conduct proved that he had something on his mind, and I cannot but hope that I shall have to write about him again."

As Judson tells us, it is impossible for him to say what he felt when this man, his first inquirer, came to ask for books and advice about Christianity. The missionary had been up to this time working quietly and with patient toil at his work of translating, and had never preached to the people or made any public announcement of his mission to Burma. Still, the one or two tracts which he had written in the native language had evidently borne fruit, for here was a man who had never seen a Christian before, and yet by the sight of a few leaves of the written Word had come all the way to ask for more light. For a year nothing more was seen of him, and it seemed likely that this very welcome interview would not be repeated; but he was appointed governor of a cluster of villages on the Salwen River in the country of Pegu, and paid a very hurried visit to Rangoon on entering upon his new duties. Mrs. Judson had an opportunity of seeing him, and asked whether he had become a disciple of Jesus Christ; but his answer was in the negative, and yet there was a sincerity in what he said which could not fail to encourage the heart of the one who listened so eagerly for his reply. "I have not yet," he said, "but I am thinking and reading in order to become one. I cannot yet destroy my old mind; for when I see a handsome *patso* [a cloth the Burman men wear] or a handsome *gownbown* [the handkerchief worn on the head] I still desire them. Tell the great teacher, when he returns, that I wish to see him, though I am not a disciple of Christ." He took away some more tracts, and turning to his attendants, who had in their hands some which Mrs. Judson had given them, he said, "Take and read them attentively, and when you have embraced the doctrines they contain, come here and converse with the teacher." What became of him after this no record tells. Whether he followed the light and became like Nicodemus, not only an inquirer but a disciple, or whether, pressed by the love of riches or position, he chose the wrong path and turned away sorrowful, like one who refused because he had great possessions, we cannot know. But his visit, like the transient flash of a welcome light in the darkness, was a great comfort to the Judsons, and as we shall now see, they were soon to undergo such perils and privations as would make the memory of this cheering event precious indeed.

Mrs. Judson, after a brief absence on account of ill-health, returned home from Madras and found her husband still hard at work, all alone in his little room, surrounded by his books. They were still isolated and feeling keenly their position in this strange land, where at present there seemed so little prospect of reaching the people. Their faith was being sorely tried.

Judson had now been working at his books for four years without intermission, had finished the translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew, the first of his great work of giving the Bible into the Burmese language, and had also prepared a valuable tract entitled *A View of the Christian Religion, in three parts, Historic, Didactic and Preceptive.* A small printing-press and a supply of paper had come from the friends at Serampore, and the newly arrived missionary, Mr. Hough, was by trade a printer and could therefore render valuable help.

But what Judson wanted was a native helper who would enable him to speak in the language, for at present, though he could read and write it perfectly, he had no power to preach, even if permission might be given for him to do so. Then he thought of Chittagong, a flat coast lying between the mountains of

Arakan and the Bay of Bengal, which piece of land had become the property of the English nation, and here the inhabitants spoke Burmese. In addition to this he heard that there had been already a Baptist mission at Chittagong, and some of the converts might be found who would help him, while he might re-establish the work abandoned there. So, as his health demanded a speedy change, he took his passage in a ship which sailed with the intention of returning to Rangoon in three months' time. This, however, proved to be a voyage of disappointment and disaster, and not only was he launched upon a sea of troubles, but, all unknown to him, the little mission-house at Rangoon was destined to suffer many things in his absence. The ship appears to have been far from seaworthy, the captain was not a capable man, and the weather became very rough, so that, instead of steering for Chittagong, they found themselves, with little food, making for the distant Coromandel Coast. They were at this time so distressed that they were thankful to get a little rice and a few buckets of water from any passing vessel to save them from starvation and thirst. What Judson suffered at this time he never mentioned in his letters, and we should never have known the details of this eventful voyage if his wife had not put on record some reminiscences of such an exciting time, which afterwards she heard from his own lips. This account is a vivid picture of what the pioneer missionary of those days had to contend with.

“They had sailed for Chittagong, a passage which should have been made in ten or twelve days at farthest. He had therefore prepared himself for only a few weeks’ absence from home. When the vessel put in at Cheduba, the nervous affection of his head and eyes, occasioned at first by low diet, had so much increased by exhaustion and lack of food, that he was unable to go on shore. When they approached the Coromandel Coast and again encountered contrary winds, they were reduced to almost the last extremity, and the constitution of Mr. Judson sank under these accumulated hardships. The mouldy, broken rice, which they picked up from native vessels, and this in small quantities, with a limited supply of water, was their sole sustenance for three or four weeks. He was accustomed to look back on his sufferings at this time with a feeling of horror scarcely equalled by his reminiscences at Ava.

"Here he was alone, in a state of passive, monotonous suffering, with no one to share his sympathies and nothing to arouse his energies. His scanty wardrobe, prepared for a trip of ten or twelve days, had been long since exhausted, and what with starvation, filth, pain and discouragement, he became unable to leave his berth. At last he was attacked by a slow fever, and turning in disgust from his little mess of dirty rice, he begged continually for water! water! water! without ever obtaining enough to quench, even for a moment, his devouring thirst. At length the little vessel came to anchor in the mud of Masulipatam, some two or three miles from the low, uninviting beach, and the captain came to inquire if he would be taken on shore. The fact that they were near land seemed to him an incredible thing, a kind of dreamy illusion too fanciful to interest him. After some urging, however, he became sufficiently roused to pencil a note, which he addressed to 'any English resident of Masulipatam,' begging only for a place on shore to die. After a little while one of the men came below to tell him that a boat was approaching from the shore.

"He now succeeded in crawling to the window of his cabin, from which he plainly distinguished, in the rapidly moving boat, both the red coat of the military and the white jacket of the civilian. In the first thrill of joyful surprise, the sudden awakening of hope and pleasure, he threw himself on his knees and wept. Before his new friends were fairly on board he had succeeded in gaining some little self-control, 'but,' he added, his voice faltering and his eyes filling with tears as he related the incident to Mrs. Judson, 'the white face of an Englishman never looked to me so beautiful, so like my conception of what angel faces are, as when these strangers entered my cabin.' They were very much shocked at his visible wretchedness; he was haggard, unshaven, dirty, and so weak that he could with difficulty support his own weight. Their earnest cordiality was peculiarly grateful to him. One of the officers took him to his own house, supplied him from his own wardrobe, procured a nurse, whom, however, he had occasion to employ but a short time, and displayed throughout a generous hospitality which Mr. Judson never forgot."

How little did these good Samaritans realise who was the stranger whom they pitied and took in for succour and shelter! Here, half dead and dazed, was the man who should be remembered in all the years to come as the Apostle of Burma, the chosen vessel to go forth, as he had done, forsaking home and parents and country, to preach the gospel to the heathen afar off. We think of him again as a clever and over-ambitious schoolboy, with his dreams of honour and fame, and it had come to this! One is tempted to recall also his college days, when intellectual studies and the acquisition of much wisdom was, he thought, to prepare him for some professorship or position of distinction among his fellows, and it has come to this! Has he been the loser? His answer, could he speak again, would be a thousand times "No!" He had already been called to suffer many things for the sake of the Cross, and was destined to suffer even more; but he rejoiced that in travail, as well as in triumph, he was honoured thus to serve so good a Master. He was counted faithful. Judson was of the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made.

Meanwhile, things had gone very badly at Rangoon. No word had reached him during these trying months of absence. He had stayed at Madras with some kind and hospitable missionaries, and at the end of July he took a ship back to Rangoon, wondering, as he stood on the deck with his face homewards, what reception would await him after an absence of so many weary and trying months. He little thought what had happened.

Mrs. Judson, left alone, with no word or tidings of her husband from Christmas Day till July of the following year, worked away with her busy pen and the engrossing labour of teaching and training her Burmese women. Then the burst of a storm of persecution came. A new Viceroy had come to Rangoon, who was not only a stranger, but disposed to be their foe and oppressor, and one of his first acts was to send an order to Mr. Hough to attend at the court-house without a moment's delay, and "if he did not tell all the truth relative to his situation in the country, they would write with his heart's blood." The immediate cause of this was a rupture with the Portuguese and an order from the King at Ava that their five priests were to be at once sent about their business. The Viceroy, on arresting Mr. Hough, was evidently intent on making a clean sweep of the foreign missionaries. The examination at the court-house was trivial and dilatory. Mr. Hough was detained without food, and his life was imperilled. In this crisis, Mrs. Judson, like the heroine she was, did not hesitate. In spite of all court rules and menaces, she took a written appeal to the Viceroy, and personally demanded the release of the missionary.

The despot gave way, and Mr. Hough returned to the mission in safety. But in Rangoon everything was in disorder and panic. It was the hottest season of the year, and cholera, like a veritable plague, was raging. The natives, attributing it to evil spirits, thronged the streets, beating the houses with clubs and firing cannons. To add to the intensity of the situation, news had leaked out that the English had declared war on Burma, and the men-of-war lying in the harbour began to weigh anchor to depart. Mr. Hough, therefore, felt it wise to take his wife and Mrs. Judson to Bengal, where there might be a possibility of meeting Mr. Judson again, and, at any rate, it was no longer safe to remain at Rangoon. Mrs. Judson was reluctant to do this, and although her passage was paid, and all her luggage on board with her in the river, she decided, on her own responsibility and risk, to go back and face all perils. She could not think of her husband coming back to find a deserted house and herself absent from the post of duty. It was a noble act, but, as she watched the retreating ship, carrying to a port of safety the others, she had the good conscience of knowing that, if God spared her, she would be there to stand at the door and welcome her husband back again. A few days afterwards she had some tidings from the return of the ship which ought to have carried him to Chittagong, and shortly afterwards came the glad news that he was coming up the river, and husband and wife were united once more.

After these trying experiences and the unsettlement of the mission by the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Hough, it was some time before the work could again be recommenced and indeed a new beginning made. Another joyful meeting, however, was in store for them, when, on the 10th September 1818, a ship arrived bringing more helpers from the home land—

new arrivals.

Messrs. Colman and Wheelock together, with their wives. At a Baptist Convention held in Boston the previous year, these had offered themselves for missionary work, and especially desired to follow Mr. and Mrs. Judson to preach the gospel in Burma. They not only received a hearty welcome at the mission house, but when, a few days after, they were introduced to the Viceroy, he was most agreeable. This may have been influenced by a handsome present which preceded them and the truly Oriental way in which Judson diplomatically assured him that "the new teachers desired to take refuge in his glory and remain in Rangoon." To this the great one showed much appreciation. "Let them stay," said he, "let them stay, and let your wife bring their wives, that I may see them all." Unhappily, the effect of the climate upon these new recruits did not enable them to fulfil the promise of such a good reception. They were neither of them sufficiently robust when they came, and Mr. Wheelock had soon to be put on a ship bound for Bengal in the hope that his life might be spared; but he was already in the last stages of fever when the vessel started, and one night, in a state of delirium, he leapt overboard and was seen no more.

Mr. Colman, however, worked on with Judson, who, having by this time become proficient in this difficult Burmese language, was very anxious to begin preaching in public. He took the opportunity of observing how the Buddhist teachers conducted their services, and gives us an account of a visit to a popular Burman preacher in the *zayat* in the precincts of one of the principal pagodas. In the centre of this building, which was bright with many lights, a sort of pulpit had been raised about eighteen inches from the ground, in which the preacher took his seat, while the audience, men on one side and women on the other, took their seats on the mats which were strewn about the floor. The preacher had formerly been a Buddhist priest, but had become a layman, and as the missionaries came in he took careful note of their arrival. Some of the people looked round and said, "There come some wild foreigners;" but when they saw that they took their seats on mats like the others, they added: "No, they are not wild; they are civilised." When one of them called attention to Judson, as the English teacher, the Burmese minister, understanding that he was "a religion maker," looked gloomy and took no more notice of the visitors.

It was a curious service. During marked silence everyone present took a few of the flowers which the preacher had distributed amongst them, and with these between the fingers, held the hand up and remained in that position motionless until the service ended. The preacher closed his eyes and began to repeat some verses from the sacred books and tell the story of the conversion of two of the principal disciples of Gautama, at first slowly and in a monotone, and then with a lulling sweetness, producing first that calm and serenity which is the highest point of Burmese virtue; then, when he had finished, the whole assembly burst out in a short prayer, and afterwards slowly departed homewards.

CHAPTER XII

A WAYSIDE WELCOME

THIS gave Judson his plan for building a *zayat*, or preaching-house, near the mission, made of bamboo and thatch, without doors or windows, and entirely open to the road. Here he used to sit all day long, repeating to the passers-by in their own tongue, “Ho! every one that thirsteth!”—the call of the gospel. At the back was a room of whitewashed boards, used as a schoolhouse. This was his wayside preaching-place, and Mrs. Judson has given us a beautiful picture, in words warm with colour and intense interest, of this scene, just one day of noble, faithful work in the life of a true and heroic man.

“The sunlight fell aslant through the fragile framework of a Burman *zayat*; but though it was some hours past midday, the burning rays were not yet level enough to look too intrusively beneath the low, projecting eaves. Yet the day was intensely hot, and the wearied occupant of the one bamboo chair looked haggard and careworn. All day long had he sat in that position, repeating over and over again, as he could find listeners, such simple truths as mothers are accustomed to teach the infant on their knees; and now his head was aching and his heart was very heavy. He had met some scoffers, some who seemed utterly indifferent, but not one sincere inquirer after the truth.

In the middle of the day, when the sun was hottest, and scarcely a European throughout all India was astir, he had received the greatest number of visitors, for the passers-by were glad of a moment's rest and shelter from the sun. The mats were still spread invitingly upon the floor; but though persons of almost every description were continually passing and repassing, they seemed each intent on his own business, and the missionary was without a listener. He thought of his neglected study-table at home, of his patient, fragile wife, toiling through the numerous cares of the day alone; of the letters his friends were expecting, and which he had no time to write; of the last periodicals from his dear native land, lying still unread; and every little while between the other thoughts came real pinings after a delicious little book of devotion which he had slid into his pocket in the morning, promising it his first moment of leisure. Then he was naturally an active man, of quick and ardent temperament, and with such views of the worth of time as earnest American men can scarcely fail to gain; and it went to his heart to lose so many precious moments.

If he could only do something to fill up these tedious intervals! But no; this was a work to which he must not give a divided mind. He was renewing a half-tested experiment in wayside preaching, and he would not suffer his attention to be distracted by anything else. While his face was hidden by his book, and his mind intent on self-improvement, some poor passer-by might lose a last, an only, opportunity of hearing the word of life. To be sure, his own soul seemed very barren, and needed refreshing; and his body was weary—wearied well-nigh to fainting, more with the dull palsying inanity of the day's fruitless endeavours than with anything like labour. Heavily beat down the hot sun, lighting up the amber-like brown of the thatch as with a burning coal; while thickly in its broad rays floated a heavy golden cloud of dust and motes, showing in what a wretched atmosphere the delicate lungs were called to labour. Meantime, a fever-freighted breeze, which had been, all the hot day, sweeping the effluvia from eastern marshes, stirred the glossly eaves of the orange trees across the way, and parched the lip and kindled a crimson spot upon the wan cheek of the wearied missionary.

"God reigns," he repeated, as though some reminder of the sort were necessary. "God Almighty reigns, and I have given myself to Him, soul and body, for time and for eternity. His will be done!" Still how long the day seemed! Might he not indulge himself just for one moment? His hand went to his pocket and the edge of a little book peeped forth a moment, and then, with a decided push, was thrust back again. No; he would not trifle with his duty. He would be sternly, rigidly faithful; and the blessing would surely come in time. Yet it was with an irrepressible yawn that he took up a little Burman text prepared by himself, of which every word was as familiar as his own name, and commenced reading aloud. The sounds caught the ear of a coarsely clad water-bearer, and she lowered the vessel from her head and seated herself afar off, just within the shadow of the low eaves. Attracted by the foreign accent of the reader, few passed without turning the head for a few moments to listen, then catching at some word which seemed to them offensive, they would regard it mockingly and hasten on.

Finally, the old water-bearer, grinning in angry derision till her wrinkled visage became positively hideous, rose, slowly adjusted the earthen vessel on her head and passed along, muttering as she went, "Jesus Christ!—No Nigban!—Ha! ha! ha!" The heart of the missionary sank within him and he was on the point of laying down the book. But the shadow of another passer-by fell upon the path and he continued a moment longer. It was a tall, dignified-looking man, leading by the hand a boy, the open mirthfulness of whose bright, button-like eyes was in perfect keeping with his dancing little feet. The stranger was of a grave, staid demeanour, with a turban of aristocratic smallness, sandals turning up at the toe, a silken robe of somewhat subdued colours, and a snow-white tunic of gentleman-like length and unusual fineness.

"Papa, papa!" said the boy, with a merry little skip and twitching at the hand he was holding; "look, look, papa! *there* is Jesus Christ's man! Amai! how shockingly white!"

"Jesus Christ's man" raised his eyes from the book, which he could read just as well without eyes, and bestowed one of his brightest smiles upon the little stranger, just as the couple were passing beyond the corner of the *zayat*, but not too late to catch a bashfully pleased recognition. The father did not speak nor turn his head, but a ray of sunshine went down into the missionary's heart from those happy little eyes, and he somehow felt that his hour's reading had not been thrown away. He had remarked this man before in other parts of the town, and had striven in various ways to attract his attention, but without success. He was evidently known and most probably avoided; but the child, with that shy, pleasing, half-confiding, roguish sort of smile, seemed sent as an encouraging messenger. The missionary continued his reading with an increase of earnestness and emphasis. A priest wrapped his yellow robes about him and sat down upon the steps, as though for a moment's rest. Then another stranger came up boldly, and with considerable ostentation seated himself on a mat. He proved to be a philosopher from the school then recently disbanded at Prome, and he soon drew on a brisk, animated controversy.

The missionary did not finish his day's work with the shutting up of the *zayat.* At night, in his closet, he remembered both philosopher and priest, pleaded long and earnestly for the scoffing old water-bearer, and felt a warm tear stealing in his eye as he presented the case of the tall stranger and the laughing, dancing ray of sunshine at his side.

Day after day went by, as oppressively hot, as dusty, and bringing as many feverish winds as ever; but the hours were less wearisome, because many little buds of hope had been fashioned which might yet expand into perfect flowers. But every day the tall stranger carried the same imperturbable face past the *zayat*; and every day the child made some silent advances towards the friendship of the missionary, bending his half-shaven head and raising his little nut-coloured hand to his forehead, by way of salutation, and smiling till his round face dimpled all over like ripples in a sunny pond. One day, as the pair came in sight, the missionary beckoned with his hand, and the child, with a single bound, came to his knee.

"Moung-Moung!" exclaimed the father in a tone of surprise, blended with anger. But the child was back again in a moment with a gay-coloured, Madras handkerchief wound around his head; and, with his bright lips parted, his eyes sparkling and dancing with joy, and with his face wreathed in smiles, he seemed the most charming thing in nature.

"*Tai hlah-the!* [Very beautiful]" said the child, touching his new turban and looking into his father's clouded face with the fearlessness of an indulged favourite.

"*Tai hlah-the!*" repeated the father involuntarily. He meant the child.

"You have a fine boy there, sir," said the missionary in a tone intended to be conciliatory.

The stranger turned with a low salaam. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, as though struggling between his native politeness and his desire to avoid an acquaintance with the proselytising foreigner. Then taking the hand of the little boy, who was too proud and happy to notice his father's confusion, he hastened away.

"I do not think that *zayat* a good place to go to, Moung-Moung," said the father gravely when they were well out of hearing.

The boy answered only by a look of inquiry strangely serious for such a face as his.

"These white foreigners are——" He did not say what, but shook his head with mysterious meaning. The boy's eyes grew larger and deeper, but he only continued to look up into his father's face in wondering silence.

"I shall leave you at home to-morrow to keep you from his wicked sorceries!"

"Papa!"

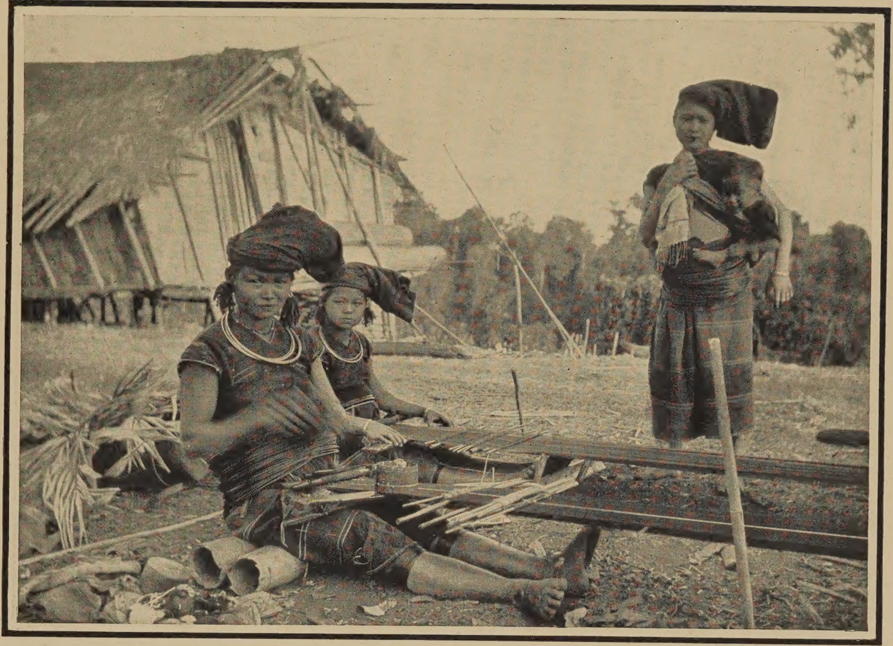
"What, my son?"

"I think it will do no good to leave me at home."

"Why?"

"He has done something to me."

"Who? The *Kalah-byoo*?"



KACHIN WOMEN WEAVING

The Kachin women weave most of their own clothes—especially their holiday attire, which is many coloured. The great rings round their necks are for ornament, sometimes they are charms. These are not necessarily beautiful, but like women of all nations they love decorating themselves.

"I do not think he has hurt me, papa, but I cannot—keep—away—no, oh no!"

"What do you mean, Moung-Moung?"

"The sorcerer has done something to me—put his beautiful eye on me. I see it *now*!" And the boy's own eyes glowed with a strange and startling brilliancy.

"'Mai, 'mai! what a boy! He is not a sorcerer, only a very provoking man. His eye—whish! It is nothing to my little Moung-Moung. I was only sporting. But we will have done with him; you shall go there no more!"

"If I can help it, papa!"

"Help it? Hear the foolish child! What strange fancies!"

"Papa!"

"What, my son?"

"You will not be angry?"

"Angry." The soft smile in that stern, bearded face was a sufficient answer.

"Is it true that she—my mother——"

"Hush, Moung-Moung!"

"Is it true that she ever *shikoed* to the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Who dares to tell you so?"

"I must not say, papa. The one who told me said it was as much as life is worth to talk of such things to *your* son. Did she, papa?"

"What did he mean? Who could have told such a tale?"

"Did she, papa?"

"That is a very pretty *goung-boung* the foreigner gave you."

"Did she?"

"And makes your bright eyes brighter than ever."

"Did my mother *shiko* to the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"There, there, you have talked enough, my boy," said the father gloomily, and the two continued their walk in silence. As the conversation ceased, a woman with a palm-leaf fan before her face had followed closely in the shadow of the stranger—so closely indeed that she might have heard every word that had been spoken—stopped at a little shop by the way, and was soon seemingly intent on making purchases.

Only the end of this beautiful story can be told here. Judson heard from his native helper that the wife of this remarkable stranger was a beautiful and sweet woman, who once came for medicine for her child in fever, and with it received a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel in Burmese. The child, this very little boy, grew better, but the mother took the fever and died, "talking to the last moment of the Lord Jesus Christ, and calling on everybody about her to love Him and worship none but Him."

Many earnest conversations this stranger had with Judson, and one day, after a long talk, a little tract was put in the stranger's hand with a plea that he would read it and find Christ.

Up to this time the boy had sat on his mat like a statue of silence, his usually dancing eyes fixed steadfastly upon the speakers, and gradually dilating and acquiring a strange, mystic depth of expression, of which they seemed at first incapable. At these words, however, he sprang forward.

"Papa! papa! hear him! Let us both love the Lord Jesus Christ! My mother loved Him! And in the golden country of the blest she waits for us."

"I must go," said the *Sah-ya* hoarsely, and attempted to rise.

" Let us pray," said the missionary, kneeling down.

The child laid his two hands together, and placing them against his forehead, bowed his head to the mat, while the father yielded to the circumstances of the case so far as to reseat himself. Gradually, as the fervent prayer proceeded, his head drooped a little, and it was not long before he placed his elbows on his knees and covered his face with his hands.

As soon as the prayer was ended he rose, bowed in silence, took his child by the hand and walked away." (*Life of Adoniram Judson*, by his son Edward Judson, Appendix, p. 597.)

CHAPTER XIII

A ROYAL DISMISSAL

THE steady work in Rangoon soon began to show some fruit, and Judson had the happiness of baptizing his first convert, Moung Nau, a man of thoughtful mind, who did not accept the truths of Christianity until they had been carefully explained to him at many interviews. On his conversion he threw himself, heart and soul, into the work of the mission, and refused a good offer of service in Ava, preferring to stay with Judson and help in copying, speaking, or assisting in any way. After partaking of the Lord's Supper for the first time, he went home and wrote out a confession of his faith, which he dispatched to Judson with the following words :

first
Convert

"I, Moung Nau, the constant recipient of your excellent favour, approach your feet. Whereas my Lord's three have come to the country of Burma — not for the purpose of trade, but to preach the religion of Jesus Christ, the Son of the Eternal God—I, having heard and understood, am with a joyful mind, filled with love." Several more Burmans came forward as candidates for baptism, and in Judson's diary there is a note under date November 14, 1819, *Lord's Day*.—" Have been much gratified to find that this evening three converts repaired to the *zayat* and held a prayer-meeting of their own accord." At the same time, although there was no open persecution, no one could doubt that a profession of the new religion might mean martyrdom. In face of this risk all did not dare to make a public avowal, and some took care to protect themselves by keeping away from any association with the missionaries. This was the case with a young native of great abilities and promise, who became alarmed on hearing that somebody had told the Viceroy that he had renounced the religion of his country and fathers. The Viceroy made the portentous order—" Inquire further," which so frightened this timid inquirer, that he made his peace with the man who had accused him, and promised to keep away from the *zayat.* The news soon spread and caused consternation. Judson saw, like his great Master, that all men were leaving him.

Rumours reached the ears of Judson that this Viceroy at Rangoon was not to be trusted, and he therefore determined on the bold step of making a journey to Ava to interview the King himself, and demand protection and liberty to preach the gospel in the country without molestation. Several things had led him to make this resolve. It had been his custom for a long time to go on one of the pagoda roads to bathe, in what he called the mineral tank, but one morning his horse's bridle was seized, and he was told to go back, on pain of being beaten. Things were evidently getting unpleasant.

Judson purchased a boat and then sent a polite message to the Viceroy, asking for the kindness of " a pass to go up to the golden feet and lift up our eyes to the golden face." This was granted, and the little craft, with a deck of bamboo and a thatched room or cabin in the rear, set sail up the flowing waters of the Irrawaddy River. They made a crew and company of sixteen, amongst them being a headman, whose name was written on the passport, their trusty convert Moung Nau, and an Englishmen, whose name does not transpire, but who is spoken of as one unfortunate all his life, and thinking of trying the service of the King of Burma; to this latter individual was committed the care of sundry blunderbusses, and other weapons, which came in useful, as the river was infested with robbers.

One very important matter caused them much concern, that was the question of a present fit to present to His Majesty, their limited means not allowing for any very expensive article. Finally, Judson decided to take with him a very splendid copy of the Bible, in six volumes, all bound with rich ornamentation of gold leaf, and enclosed in an artistic wrapper. For the gentlemen of the Court a few pieces of coloured cloth was thought sufficient. The men at the oars worked well, and after some risks from robbers the boat eventually reached Pugan, an ancient city of an earlier dynasty, about two hundred and sixty miles from Rangoon. Here the visitors landed and inspected the ruins of many splendid pagodas and public buildings. From an elevated spot they could survey the whole city, which, rich in pillared magnificence and decaying grandeur, reminded them of the ruins of Palmyra and Baalbec. It was here, when the place was the centre of throbbing life and prosperity, that, eight hundred years before, the Buddhist religion was publicly recognised and made the creed of the country. Here lived the famous Ah-rah-han, the first Buddhist apostle of Burma, under the protection of the great King Anan-ra-tha-men-zan, and in this city that religion of annihilation and practical atheism took its root and spread far and wide. Judson felt the pressure of these memories, and his heart yearns for a better time.

"We looked back," said he, "on the centuries of darkness that are past. We looked forward, and Christian hope would fain brighten the prospect. O shade of Ah-rah-han, weep over thy falling fanes; retire from the scenes of thy past greatness. But thou smilest at my feeble voice. Linger then thy little remaining day. A voice mightier than mine, a still small voice, will ere long sweep away every vestige of thy dominion. The churches of Jesus will soon supplant these idolatrous monuments, and the chanting of the devotees of Buddha will die away before the Christian hymn of praise."

On 25th January they passed Old Ava and Tsah-gaing, both ancient cities once the residence of former emperors, and then they went ashore at the landing-place for New Ava, whose glittering pinnacles and pagodas were already in view. The visitors tried to find some one they knew, and finally discovered the house of Mya-day-men, who was formerly Viceroy in Rangoon, and he gave them a kindly welcome, enhanced by a beautiful present for himself and wife. They told him of their desire to see the "golden face," and he gave orders to Moung Yo, one of his own trusty officers, to introduce Judson and his party to Moung-Zah, a high official of State (*a-twen-woon*), and thus they got promise of an audience on the morrow. The Emperor had said, "Let them be introduced," and at the gate of the palace they deposited a present for Moung-Zah, and told him who they were and that their object was to introduce a new religion, which, as missionaries or propagators of religion, was their business in Burma. Then he looked at the petition which was to be presented, and in a rather jocular manner asked some questions about God and this new faith.

At this point there was a flutter of excitement, cries were made that the "golden foot" was advancing, and Moung-Zah hastened to put on his robes of State to meet the royal master. Then it transpired that the moment chosen for their interview could not have been more unfortunate, for the Emperor had just heard of the success of his soldiers against the Kathays, and, flushed with triumph, he was ready to assert his importance and power all round. The Minister of State, Moung-Zah, as he was finishing his Court toilet, was clearly not viewing the mission with much favour or hope, for he said, "How can you propagate religion in this empire? But come along." Various corridors were passed, and finally a magnificent hall was reached, lined with stately pillars and surmounted by a dome all inlaid with gold and glowing with precious stones. The missionaries sat and waited, when at last a whisper went round that His Majesty had entered. Mr.

Judson must himself tell the tale of what followed.

"We looked through the hall as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward unattended—in solitary grandeur—exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern monarch. His dress was rich but not distinctive, and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strode on. Every head, excepting ours, was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned towards us: 'Who are these?' 'The teachers, great King,' I replied. 'What! you speak Burman?—the priests that I heard of last night?' 'When did you arrive?' 'Are you teachers of religion?' 'Are you like the Portuguese priest?' 'Are you married?' 'Why do you dress so?' These and some other similar questions we answered, when he appeared to be pleased with us and sat down on an elevated seat, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword and his eyes intently fixed on us. Moung-Zah now began to read the petition, as follows:

"'The American teachers present themselves, to receive the favour of the Excellent King, the sovereign of land and sea. Hearing that, on account of the greatness of the royal power, the royal country was in a quiet and prosperous state, we arrived at the town of Rangoon, within the royal dominions, and, having obtained leave of the governor of that town to come up and behold the "golden face," we have ascended and reached the bottom of the "golden feet." In the great country of America we sustain the character of teachers and explainers of the contents of the sacred Scriptures of our religion. And since it is contained in those Scriptures that, if we pass to other countries, and preach and propagate religion, great good will result, and both those who teach and those who receive the religion will be freed from future punishment, and enjoy, without decay or death, the eternal felicity of heaven—that royal permission be given that we, taking refuge in the royal power, may preach our religion in these dominions, and that those who are pleased with our preaching and wish to listen to and be guided by it, whether foreigners or Burmans, may be exempt from Government molestation, they present themselves to receive the favour of the Excellent King, the sovereign of land and sea.' "

"The Emperor heard this petition and stretched out his hand. Moung-Zah crawled forward and presented it. His Majesty began at the top and deliberately read it through. In the meantime I gave Moung-Zah an abridged copy of the tract, in which every offensive sentence was corrected and the whole put into the handsomest style and address possible. After the Emperor had perused the petition he handed it back without saying a word, and took the tract. Our hearts now rose to God for a display of His grace. 'O have mercy on Burma, have mercy on her king!' But alas! the time was not yet come. He held the tract long enough to read the first two sentences, which assert that there is one Eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that beside Him there is no God; and then, with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground. Moung-Zah stooped forward, picked it up and handed it to us. Moung Yo made a slight attempt to save us by unfolding one of the volumes which composed our present and displaying its beauty;

but His Majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided.

"After a few moments Moung-Zah interpreted his royal master's will in the following terms: 'Why do you ask for such permission? Have not the Portuguese, the English, the Mussulmans, and people of all other religions, full liberty to practise and worship according to their own customs? In regard to the objects of your petitions, His Majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, His Majesty has no use for them; take them away.' Something was now said about Brother Colman's skill in medicine; upon which the Emperor once more opened his mouth and said, 'Let them proceed to the residence of my physician, the Portuguese priest; let him examine whether they can be useful to me in that line, and report accordingly.' He then rose from his seat, strode on to the end of the hall, and there, after having dashed to the ground the first intelligence that he had ever received of the Eternal God, his Maker, his Preserver, his Judge, he threw himself down on a cushion, and lay listening to the music and gazing at the parade spread out before him."

The interview had been quite a failure, and the disheartened missionaries left the palace precincts and in accordance with the wishes of this royal despot they made their way to the house of the Portuguese priest who was acting as his medical man. It was a hot, dusty walk of two miles through the city, and when they did at last arrive it was only to be told, after some conversation, that they possessed no medicinal knowledge with which he was not already cognizant, and they had better get out of Ava as soon as possible. It was clear to them that they had made a blunder in asking for any of the subjects of the Emperor to be exempt from any punishment on account of a change of religion. The situation here in Burma was similar to that existing in China, where the royal or Court religion must be paramount. To ask that anybody could have a private judgment or liberty of conscience in such matters was quite a mistake, and had thus brought down upon them the terrors of royal wrath. Evening came on, they had yet to walk four miles in the moonlight before they came to their resting-place, and they went along in silent meditation, their minds full of amazement as to what next step in the providence of God they must take. For dis-

Royal Dismissal

pleasure in Ava meant necessarily less favour among the officials at Rangoon, and it seemed as if the way for further progress was blocked for a long time to come. And yet God had not forsaken them; though their trials were heavy and all seemed so dark, He would not fail.

> "Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon;
> The world was all before us, where to choose
> Our place of rest, and Providence our guide."

CHAPTER XIV

FIRST-FRUITS AFTER WAITING

THEY heard footsteps following, and found two native Christians disconsolately coming a few paces behind; these had been waiting at the door of the King's audience-chamber and heard with dismay the evil tidings. At last the missionaries reached the place where their boat was moored, and threw themselves upon its deck quite weary in both body and mind. They had already spent three days in Ava, and trudged in the heat of a feverish sun twenty-four miles altogether, a heavy tax on the constitution of Europeans, apart altogether from the mental strain they had endured. While there they had been told the story of a martyrdom which occurred about fifteen years before, and showed them how bitter was the hostility of their surroundings.

It appears that through the teaching of the

Roman Catholic priests a Burman teacher of some talent and distinction was converted to Christianity. He was a valuable acquisition to the new faith, and it was hoped that ere long he would himself become a priest and propagate the truth. For this purpose they sent him to Rome, and when sufficiently trained and equipped for his new duties he came back to Burma. But his nephew, who occupied an official position at Court, denounced him before the Emperor as having left the faith of his fathers and become a teacher of the foreign religion. Although the ruler had no particular love for Buddhism at that time, he felt that this conversion must not be permitted, and therefore ordered him to recant forthwith. The nephew, nothing loath, had his uncle taken to prison, beaten, and bound, and yet he bravely maintained his resolution.

They then had recourse to the torture of the iron mail, which meant that his body was thrashed bit by bit with an instrument, until he was sore and wounded from his feet up to his chest. But at every cruel stroke he only repeated the name of Christ, and when nearly killed his very tormentors took compassion and asked the Emperor to release him, which was done. Half-dead, but still confident and happy in his faith, he was carried by the Portuguese to Rangoon and then to Bengal, where he died.

After this terrible experience the Roman Catholic priests were extremely careful in making converts, and were satisfied to rather minister to those they had already, than create any trouble by seeking to win others. It was a curious fact, which Judson was not slow to appreciate, that this very nephew, who had caused the suffering of this poor but faithful Christian Burman, was now the first and most influential of the Ministers of State at the palace. The chief Queen, too, had become a strongly attached Buddhist, and would brook no interference with the national religion. Still, amid all these trials and difficulties God had not forgotten them.

On their way down the river back to Rangoon they called at Pyee, about two hundred and thirty miles from Ava, and here they had the joy of meeting their teacher, Moung Shwa-gnong, who had stood on the shore when they started from Rangoon and bade them farewell, as one not yet sufficiently strong in faith to go with them on this perilous mission to the Emperor. He had come up to this place to visit a sick friend, and when Judson told him of their discomfiture, and also the story of the torture of the Burman Christian, he was, to their surprise and satisfaction, not by any means distressed or discouraged. On the contrary, he was anxious to tell them how much more firmly he believed and had such clearer views of the Christian faith.

"I believe," said he, "in the Eternal God, in His Son Jesus Christ, in the atonement which Christ has made and in the writings of the Apostles, as the true and only Word of God. Perhaps you may not remember that during one of my last visits you told me that I was trusting in my own understanding rather than the Divine Word. From that time I have seen my error, and endeavoured to renounce it. You explained to me also the evil of worshipping at pagodas, though I told you that my heart did not partake of the worship. Since you left Rangoon I have not lifted up my folded hands before a pagoda. It is true I sometimes follow the crowd on days of worship, in order to avoid persecution, but I walk up one side of the pagoda and walk down the other. Now, you say that I am not a disciple. What lack I yet ?"

Judson saw that the man had made some progress and wished to encourage him.

"Teacher," he replied, "you may be a disciple of Christ in heart, but you are not a full disciple. You have not faith and resolution enough to keep all the commands of Christ, particularly that which requires you to be baptized, though in the face of persecution and death. Consider the words of Jesus just before he returned to heaven, *He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.*"

This answer he received in perfect silence, and evidently he was prepared to take it into his profound and serious consideration. A little time afterwards a testing moment arrived. Judson told him that it was possible he might have to go away even from Rangoon, as the Emperor had shown such hostility to the Christian religion, and no Burman would perhaps run the risk of embracing it. This aroused the heart and purpose of Moung Shwa-guong.

"Say not so," he replied; "there are some who will investigate, notwithstanding; and, rather than have you quit Rangoon, I will go myself to the Mangen teacher and have a public dispute. I know I can silence him. I know the truth is on my side."

"Ah, but," said Judson, "you may have a tongue to silence him, but he has a pair of fetters and an iron mail to subdue you. Remember that."

Persecutio
of
Christians

It is interesting to follow the steps of this man, who had even then wavered in his public confession, although so loyal to Judson and the work of the mission. He was the most distinguished of all the native helpers in translating the Scriptures, and Judson took great pains with him, believing that he was really converted, but always shy of taking a step which might involve persecution. When the possibility of leaving Rangoon was stated to the converts, and that a great mission would be started between Bengal and Arakan, it was feared that the little band of Christians would feel their faith sorely put to the test. But Judson tells us they showed a constancy he never expected.

"We thought that if one of the three remained firm it was as much as we could reasonably hope for. But how delightfully were we disappointed. They all, to a man, appeared immovably the same, yea, rather advanced in zeal and energy. They vied with each other in trying to explain away difficulties and to convince us that the cause was not yet quite desperate. 'But whither are the teachers going?' was, of course, an anxious inquiry. We then asked them severally what they would do. Moung Nau had previously told us that he would follow us to any part of the world. He was only afraid that he should be a burden to us, for not being acquainted with another language, he might not be able to get his living in a strange land. 'As for me,' said Moung Thah-la, 'I go where preaching is to be had.' Moung Byaa was silent and thoughtful. At last he said, that as no Burman is allowed to leave the country, he could not, on account of his wife, follow the teachers; 'but,' he continued, with some pathos, 'if I must be left here alone, I shall remain performing the duties of Christ's religion; no other shall I think of.' This interview with the disciples rejoiced our hearts and caused us to praise God for the grace which He has manifested to them."

There was evidently a spirit of inquiry abroad, and some of the Christian converts urged upon Mr. Judson not to go from Rangoon; they made an appeal which it was hard indeed to resist. One of the teachers, Moung Byaa, brought his brother-in-law, Moung Myat-yah, and stood pleading with the missionary.

"Teacher," said he, "my mind is distressed. I can neither eat nor sleep since I find you are going away. I have been round among those who live near us, and I find some who are even now examining the new religion. Brother Myat-yah is one of them, and he unites with me in my petitions." (Here Myat-yah assented that it was so.) "Do stay with us a few months. Do stay till there are eight or ten disciples. Then appoint one to be the teacher of the rest. I shall not be concerned about the event; though you should leave the country the religion will spread of itself. The Emperor himself cannot stop it. But if you go now and take the two disciples that can follow I shall be left alone."

It is not surprising that, under pressure of such an appeal, Judson decided to remain. Indeed, every day he found inquirers crowding his room, asking questions, going away sometimes sorrowful and returning with newly awakened consciences, in other cases rejoicing in a new light and happiness as Christian believers. Here is a native lady calling upon Mrs. Judson with tears of joy in her eyes. "I am surprised," said she, "to find this religion has such an effect on my mind as to make me love the disciples of Christ more than my nearest and dearest relations."

a woman convert:

Another, a very clever, argumentative man, Oo Yan, after having searched out all the difficult points of religion, comes with the problem: "How are sin and eternal misery reconcilable with the character of an infinitely wise, holy, and powerful God?" He gets such perfect satisfaction from the answer of Judson that he clasps his hands and cannot restrain from laughing, from pure mental delight, as he repeats the amazing disclosure of light to those around. Moung Shwa-guong also took the final step of public baptism, and is ready for anything, though there is still a little of the impulsiveness of Peter, with a possibility of his fears. Still, he had reason to see that he might trust and not be afraid, even of persecution. Here is a little peep at this good man, before he finally disappears from our notice. A strong wind of persecution is blowing, and is testing the loyalty of the faithful. It touched Moung Shwa-guong in turn.

"It will be remembered that he was accused before the former Viceroy of being a heretic; and that the simple reply, 'Inquire further,' spread dismay amongst us all, and was one occasion of our visit to Ava. Soon after Mya-day-men assumed the government of this province all the priests and officers of the village where Moung Shwa-guong lives entered into a conspiracy to destroy him. They held daily consultations, and assumed a tone of triumph, while poor Moung Shwa-guong's courage began to flag, and though he does not like to own it, he thought he must flee for his life. At length, one of the conspiracy, a member of the Supreme Court, went into the presence of the Viceroy, and, in order to sound his disposition, complained that the teacher, Moung Shwa-guong, was making every endeavour to turn the priest's rice-pot bottom upwards. '*What consequence,*' said the Viceroy; '*let the priests turn it back again.*' This sentence was enough; the hopes of the conspiracy were blasted, and all the disciples felt that they were sure of toleration under Mya-day-men."

CHAPTER XV

AT THE TRANSLATOR'S TABLE

ALTHOUGH Mr. Judson suffered much from the climate, it was the lot of his brave wife to endure much more, and the time came when, if her life was to be spared, she must go home to America for a considerable period of rest and change.

So, on the 21st August 1821, she set sail for Calcutta, and in a letter to Mr. Hough her husband commends her to his care, giving a list of such medicines and comforts she will require. At the end of this he adds a few words, which show that he had a sense of humour, still bright and awake among such depressing circumstances.

"It is said," he writes, "that man is prone to jest in the depth of misery, and the bon mots of the scaffold have been collected, you may add the above specimen to the list if you like.

I feel as if I was on the scaffold, and signing, as it were, my own death-warrant. However, two years will pass away at last—time and tide wait for no man, heedless alike of our joys and sorrows." But he felt her absence keenly, and in a letter which he sent after her, he speaks with much feeling of his loneliness.

"Company continued with me till three o'clock, and then I found myself alone, and for a few hours was very desolate and unhappy. But about sunset, the time mentioned in your last letter for mutual prayer, I felt more comfortable. . . . Life is short. Happiness consists not in outward circumstances. Millions of Burmans are perishing. I am almost the only person on earth who has attained their language to such a degree as to be able to communicate the way of salvation. . . . Oh, let me travel through this country and bear testimony to the truth all the way from Rangoon to Ava, and show the path to that glory which I am anticipating."

To his wife:

During her absence of two years and three months, Mr. Judson worked on, for the first four months in absolute solitude, and then the Rev. Jonathan Price, a medical missionary, arrived with his family, and joined the mission. His wife, however, only lived five months in her new surroundings, and was buried by the side of Judson's little boy. The news of the arrival of a doctor from abroad soon reached the ears of the Emperor, who was anxious to get his advice on a trouble in his eyes, as in this respect he had heard the newcomer had been very successful. So Judson and Price set out for Ava in a boat sent down the river for their use, and on their arrival met again their old friend Moung-Zah, who lost no time in bringing them into the royal presence. A thatched hut near the palace had been placed at their disposal, hardly sufficient shelter from the rain and the hot sun, and so open that all the curious crowds could stare at the visitors continually. This unhealthy place soon began to tell upon the health of Judson, and his companion feared at times that the fever and ague might prove fatal. However, ere long they were able to change their quarters.

They made the acquaintance of Prince M. while on this visit, a bright, intelligent young man of twenty-eight, but terribly crippled by a paralytic affection of both arms and legs.

As he was much confined to his house by this affliction, Prince M. took a deep interest in science, and was most willing to converse on the subject of religion. He listened to what Judson had to tell him of astronomy, and was quite ready to admit that if from the scientific side he was so ignorant of the truth, Buddhism must be wrong; even when Judson spoke of the doctrines of Christianity and the reason why Christ came into the world to die for sinners, he cried out, "Good! good!" Before his final visit to this enlightened Prince the missionary felt he must make a final appeal.

"After giving the Prince a succinct account of my religious experience, I ventured to warn him of his danger, and urged him to make the Christian religion his immediate personal concern. He appeared for a moment to feel the force of what I said, but soon replied:

"'I am yet young, only twenty-eight. I am desirous of studying all the foreign arts and sciences, my mind will then be enlarged, and I shall be capable of judging whether the Christian religion be true or not.' 'But supposing your Highness changes worlds in the meantime?' His countenance again fell. 'It is true,' said he; 'I know not when I shall die.' I suggested that it would be well to pray to God for light, which, if obtained, would enable him at once to distinguish between truth and falsehood; and so we parted. O Fountain of light, shed down one ray into the mind of this amiable prince, that he may become a patron of Thine infant cause, and inherit an eternal crown."

after talking to a Prince in Burma:

During their visits to the King there seemed a disposition in his mind rather favourable to the mission, and from time to time he asked many questions as to its progress in Rangoon. He asked the rather alarming question, whether any Burmans had embraced the new religion, but did not show any displeasure on hearing that this was the case. At one interview, when, besides the King, a great number of high officials were present, he inquired whether Judson really could preach, as he said, every Sunday in that language. "Let us hear you preach," was his startling order. In response, the missionary began to speak of the attributes of God, and while the Court listened in perfect silence, he gave his first discourse on the Christian faith. So excellent was the impression made, that Moung-Zah plucked up courage to say to his royal master, "Nearly all the world, your Majesty, believe in an eternal God; all except Burma and Siam, these little spots!"

A plea was urged for ground upon which to build a mission house in Ava, and this desirable concession was only granted after Judson conciliated one of the chief officers at a private interview by the gift of a little bottle of *eau de luce*; and the price in money was carefully weighed out, so the transaction might be satisfactory. The principal difficulty was a very natural fear lest the land thus granted might become a bit of American territory, and therefore the proffered money was not accepted. These wise men of Ava were not deficient in discretion.

"We give it to you for your present residence only, and when you go away shall take it again."

"When I go away, my lord, those at whose expense the house is to be built will desire to place another teacher in my stead."

"Very well; let him also occupy the place, but when he dies, or there is no teacher, we will take it."

"In that case, my lord, take it."

The King was by no means inclined to let them depart, and when they came to bid him good-bye he was disconcerted. He noticed them talking to each other, and asked, "What are you talking about ?"

"He is speaking of his return to Rangoon," said one of them.

"What does he return for ? Let them not return. Let them both [Judson and Price] stay together. If one goes away, the other must remain alone and will be unhappy."

Judson, however, could not stay ; he was longing to return to Rangoon to meet Mrs. Judson, who was soon expected home again.

When on Sunday, 2nd February, he reached Rangoon, he found that persecution and excessive taxation had dispersed the little band of Christians ; some had fled, their houses were demolished, and one of the devout women, Mah Myat-la, had died. Her last words were : "I put my trust in Jesus Christ—I love to pray to Him—am not afraid of death—shall soon be with Christ in heaven." Judson found a letter from his wife awaiting his arrival, in which she said she was leaving England, where she had been heartily welcomed and hospitably entertained, to visit America, which would delay her return to Rangoon some months more. So the lonely man took up his work again, completing his translation of the New Testament into Burmese, and preparing ~~also~~ an epitome of the Old Testament, so that the readers of the New would have some knowledge of what had gone before. He had years before drawn up a set of rules for his daily life, and these are worth remembering now, for they are as necessary to-day as ever they were when this saintly and faithful servant made them, in his work and solitude, the governing principles of his daily round:

Translation work

I. Be diligent in secret prayer, every morning and evening.
II. Never spend a moment in mere idleness.
III. Restrain natural appetites within the bounds of temperance and purity.
IV. Suppress every emotion of anger and ill-will.
V. Undertake nothing from motives of ambition or love of fame.
VI. Never do that which, at the moment, appears to be displeasing to God.
VII. Seek opportunities of making some sacri-

His rules for daily living

fice for the good of others, especially of believers, provided the sacrifice is not inconsistent with some duty.

VIII. Endeavour to rejoice in every loss and suffering incurred for Christ's sake and the gospel's, remembering that though, like death, they are not to be wilfully incurred, yet, like death, they are a great gain.

IX. Rise with the sun.

X. Read a certain portion of Burman every day, Sundays excepted.

XI. Have the Scriptures and some devotional book in constant reading.

XII. Read one book in English that has not a devotional tendency.

XIII. Suppress every unclean thought or look.

God give me grace to keep the above rules and ever live to His glory, for Jesus Christ's sake. A. JUDSON.

Soon after the arrival of Mrs. Judson it was determined to lose no time in returning to Ava, the capital, where there seemed every possibility of a permanent mission being established. Mr. Judson's recent visit had given him high hopes of success, for the royal persons showed him much favour, and many of the high officials were anxious to know more about the new religion. Perhaps the most important feature of encouragement was the popularity of Dr. Price, whose skill had won him golden opinions, and everyone was talking of his wonderful medicines. So, leaving the mission station at Rangoon in the care of the new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Hough and Mr. and Mrs. Wade, a boat was obtained in which Mr. and Mrs. Judson proceeded up the Irrawaddy, and after many adventures, from the throngs of curious villagers and the rough rapids of the river, which several times nearly wrecked their frail little craft, they reached Ava. Here Dr. Price gave them a hearty welcome, and in less than a fortnight a new house was built for their accommodation in a good and healthy situation, consisting of three small rooms and a verandah. Work was speedily started. Mrs. Judson gathered some girls into a school for teaching them to read and sew, and Prince M. and his wife called frequently to express their good feeling and inquire further about the truths of Christianity. Evening worship was established in Burmese, and every Sunday Mr. Judson preached to a large number of natives in Dr. Price's house on the other side the river.

After a time, the King, Queen, and all his royal retinue returned to the new palace at Amarapoora — a procession of magnificently dressed officers and a sacred white elephant, covered with gold and jewels, in the midst of which the King and Queen, unadorned and dressed in the simple garb of the country, walked hand in hand, amid the acclamations of thousands. Such a sight of wealth and regal glory the missionaries had never beheld before in Burma; it seemed as though all the resources of the empire were put forth to make a show of strength and power. Possibly there was a reason for this: the clouds of war and danger were gathering on the horizon, and the storm drew on.

CHAPTER XVI

ALMOST A MARTYR

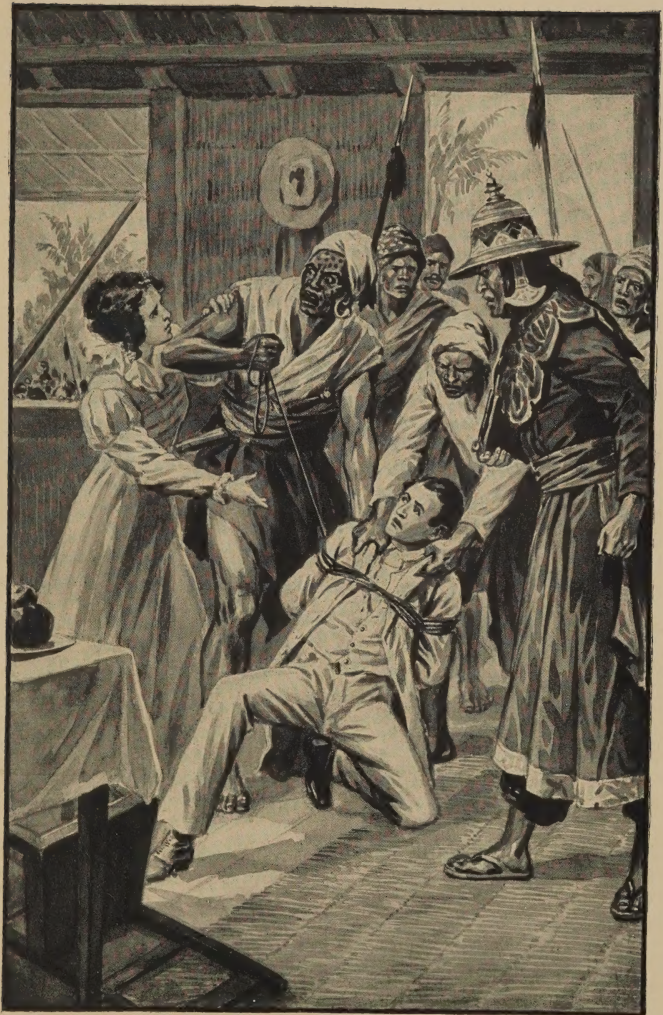
A VERY serious dispute had arisen with the English Government over that strip of land at Chittagong, which was British territory, and the Burmese were disposed to question this, not the first time that the East India Company had suffered from these threats and encroachments. The King of Burma refused all negotiations, and, flushed with confidence, gathered together in Arakan a large army of thirty thousand men, led by his most famous and successful general, Maha Bandoola, with the intention of invading Bengal. So sure was the spirit of ambition of this soldier of his prowess that he carried with him a set of golden fetters with which to bring the Governor of India back in chains to Ava.

He had, however, reckoned without his host. Sir Archibald Campbell, with six thousand wellseasoned British troops and some warships, arrived in May 1824 on the river off Rangoon. He had instructions to take the initiative and invade Burma, to bring the royal despot to his senses by taking, if necessary, possession of the capital. This naturally caused the utmost consternation and uproar throughout the country.

The storm burst first on Rangoon. When the fleet appeared the Burmese governor promptly ordered every person who wore a hat to be taken prisoner, and accordingly the two missionaries, Mr. Wade and Mr. Hough, were chained and put in charge of some armed men. It was their intention to kill them in the morning, but the first shot, which made the prison tremble, made the guard flee panic-stricken. The doors were left open, and in the distance the prisoners could see the landing of the English troops, and hoped for a speedy release. But about fifty bloodthirsty Burmans rushed in, stripped the missionaries, binding their arms tightly behind them, and then, at the point of levelled spears, they were dragged through the streets of Rangoon to the hall of judgment, where they were compelled to kneel with their heads bent, ready for the stroke of the executioner's knife.

Fortunately, Mr. Hough managed to suggest to his captors that if he were sent to the ships they might be persuaded not to fire again, and after a good deal of wrangling and danger from the affrighted mob, who fled from the town, his fetters were struck off, and he was sent to the frigate, with most awful threatenings of what would happen to those left ashore if the firing did not cease, who were hidden away safely in a vault under a pagoda. Meanwhile the English soldiers were ashore and carrying all before them, and the doors of the pagoda vault were flung open, the whole mission party eventually meeting again, with inexpressible thankfulness, in their home, where, fortunately, the two wives were safe and unhurt. The inhabitants had retreated with haste to the jungle, and there a number of foreigners—Siamese, Portuguese and others—were murdered. Shortly afterwards, as there was no chance of continuing the work in Rangoon, at any rate for the present, the missionaries took the opportunity of returning to Bengal, wondering all the time what had happened to their brethren, Mr. Judson, Dr. Price, and Mrs. Judson, at the capital, where the worst was feared. They felt sure that if they were still alive their lives would be a suffering to them, for the cruel character of the Burmese was thoroughly roused, and extermination of the foreigners was their first wild impulse of revenge.

The military power of the Burmese was entirely broken before the discipline and better weapons of the English troops, who won every battle, and at last arrived almost at the gates of the capital. In the meantime the conditions at Ava were critical, and it seemed as though the missionaries would themselves be wiped out of existence before help could come. Both Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were hurriedly summoned to the royal presence, and with three English merchants were violently accused of supplying information to the injury of the Burmese. The very fact that the missionaries had received from time to time money from their friends in Bengal was evidence to the mind of their captors that they were spies of the English; it was, moreover, very difficult to explain that they were really American missionaries, and their country had nothing to do with this war. The Court, however, allowed them to return home to the mission;



THE ARREST OF MR. JUDSON

In rushed an officer holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by one who, from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner. The spotted man seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture.

but it was only for a few hours. The King instantly ordered the immediate arrest of the "two teachers," and what followed cannot be better told than by an extract from Mrs. Judson's letter, to the brother of Mr. Judson.

" On the 8th June, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer, holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by *one*, whom, from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner, and 'a son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher ? ' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the King,' said the officer, a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm. 'Stay,' said I; 'I will give you money.' 'Take her too,' said the officer; 'she also is a foreigner.' Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged them to let me remain till further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighbourhood had collected, the masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools and ran, the little Burmese children were screaming and crying, the Bengalee servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master, and the hardened executioner, with a kind of hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast and dragged him off, I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted face to take the silver and loosen the ropes; but he spurned my offers and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Moung Ing to follow after and make some further attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson; but, instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground and drew the cords still tighter, so as to almost prevent respiration.

"The officer and his gang proceeded on to the court-house, where the Governor of the city and officers were collected, one of whom read the order of the King, to commit Mr. Judson to the death prison, into which he was soon hurled, the door closed, and Moung Ing saw no more. What a night was now before me! I retired into my room and endeavoured to obtain consolation from committing my case to God and imploring fortitude and strength ~~to suffer~~ whatever awaited me. But the consolation of retirement was not long allowed me, for the magistrate of the place had come into the verandah and continually called me to come out and submit to his examination. But previously to going out I destroyed all my letters, journals, and writings of every kind, lest they should disclose the fact that we had correspondents in England and had minuted down every occurrence since our arrival in the country. When this work of destruction was finished, I went out and submitted to the examination of the magistrate, who inquired very minutely of everything I knew, then ordered the gates of the compound to be shut, no person to be allowed to go in or out, placed a guard of ten ruffians, to whom he gave a strict charge to keep me safe, and departed.

"It was now dark. I retired to my inner room with my four little Burman girls, and barred the door. The guard instantly ordered me to unbar the door and come out, or they would break the house down. I obstinately refused to obey, and endeavoured to intimidate them by threatening to complain of their conduct to higher authorities on the morrow. Finding me resolved in disregarding their orders, they took the two Bengalee servants and confined them in the stocks in a very painful position. I could not endure this; but called the headman to the window and promised to make them all a present in the morning if they would release the servants. After much debate and many severe threatenings, they consented, but seemed resolved to annoy me as much as possible. My unexpected desolate state, my entire uncertainty of the fate of Mr. Judson, and the dreadful carousings and almost diabolical language of the guard all conspired to make it by far the most distressing night I had ever passed. You may well imagine, my dear brother, that sleep was a stranger to my eyes, and peace and composure to my mind.

" The next morning I sent Moung Ing to ascertain the situation of your brother, and give him food if still living. He soon returned, with the intelligence that Mr. Judson and all the white foreigners were confined in the *death prison*, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole to prevent them moving! The point of my anguish now was that I was a prisoner myself, and could make no efforts for the release of the missionaries. I begged and entreated the magistrate to allow me to go to some member of the Government to state my case; but he said he did not dare to consent, for fear I should make my escape. I next wrote a note to one of the King's sisters, with whom I had been intimate, requesting her to use her influence for the release of the teachers. The note was returned with this message—she ‘did not understand it,’ which was a polite refusal to interfere, though I afterwards ascertained that she had an anxious desire to assist us, but dared not on account of the Queen. The day dragged heavily away, and another dreadful night was before me. I endeavoured to soften the feelings of the guard by giving them tea and sugar for the night, so that they allowed me to remain inside of my room without threatening, as they did the night before. But the idea of your brother being stretched on the bare floor in irons and confinement haunted my mind like a spectre, and prevented my obtaining any quiet sleep, though nature was almost exhausted.

“On the third day I sent a messenger to the Governor of the city, who has the entire direction of prison affairs, to allow me to visit him with a present. This had the desired effect, and he immediately sent orders to the guards to permit my going into town. The Governor received me pleasantly, and asked me what I wanted. I stated to him the situation of the foreigners, and particularly that of the teachers, who were Americans, and had nothing to do with the war.

"He told me it was not in his power to release them from prison or irons, but that he could make their situation more comfortable; there was his head officer, with whom I must consult relative to the means. The officer, who proved to be one of the city writers, and whose countenance at the first glance presented the most perfect assemblage of all the evil passions attached to human nature, took me aside and endeavoured to convince me that myself, as well as the prisoners, was entirely at his disposal, that our future comfort must depend upon my liberality in regard to presents, and that these must be made in a private way and unknown to any officer of the Government! 'What must I do,' said I, 'to obtain a mitigation of the present sufferings of the two teachers?' 'Pay to me,' said he, 'two hundred tickals [about a hundred dollars], two pieces of fine cloth and two pieces of handkerchiefs.' I had taken money with me in the morning; our house being two miles from the prison, I could not easily return. This I offered to the writer, and begged he would not insist on the other articles, as they were not in my possession. He hesitated for some time, but fearing to lose the sight of so much money, he concluded to take it, promising to relieve the teachers from their most painful situation.

" I then procured an order from the Governor for my admittance into prison; but the sensations produced by meeting your brother in that *wretched, horrid* situation, and the affecting scene which ensued, I will not attempt to describe. Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison—for I was never allowed to enter—gave me some directions relative to his release; but before he could make any arrangement I was ordered to depart by those iron-hearted jailers, who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. In vain I pleaded the order of the Governor for my admittance; they again harshly repeated, ' Depart, or we will pull you out!' The same evening the missionaries, together with the other foreigners, who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison and confined in an open shed in the prison enclosure. Here I was allowed to send them food and mats to sleep on; but I was not permitted to enter again for several days.

" My next object was to get a petition presented to the Queen; but no person being admitted into the palace who was in disgrace with His Majesty, I sought to present it through the medium of her brother's wife. I had visited her in better days, and received particular marks of her favour. But now times were altered; Mr. Judson was in prison and I in distress, which was a sufficient reason for giving me a cold reception. I took a present of considerable value. She was lolling on her carpet as I entered, with her attendants around her. I waited not for the usual question of a suppliant, 'What do you want?' but in a bold, earnest, yet respectful manner stated our distresses and our wrongs, and begged her assistance. She partly raised her head and coolly replied, 'Your case is not singular; all the foreigners are treated alike.' 'But it is singular,' said I. 'The teachers are Americans; they are ministers of religion, have nothing to do with war or politics, and came to Ava in obedience to the King's command. They have never done anything to deserve such treatment, and is it right they should be treated thus?' 'The King does as he pleases,' said she. 'I am not the King; what can I do?' 'You can state their case to the Queen and obtain their release,' replied I. 'Place yourself in my situation—were you in America, your husband, innocent of crime, thrown into prison, in irons, and you a solitary, unprotected female, what would you do?' With a slight degree of feeling she said, 'I will present your petition—

come again to-morrow.' I returned to the house with considerable hope that the speedy release of the missionaries was at hand. But the next day Mr. Gouger's property, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, was taken and carried to the palace. The officers, on their return, politely informed me they should *visit* our house on the morrow. I felt obliged for this information, and accordingly made preparations to receive them, by secreting as many little articles as possible, together with considerable silver, as I knew, if the war should be protracted, we should be in a state of starvation without it. But my mind was in a dreadful state of agitation lest it should be discovered and cause my being thrown into prison. And had it been possible to procure money from any other quarter I should not have ventured on such a step.

"The following morning the royal treasurer, the governor of the north gate of the palace, who was in future our steady friend, attended by forty or fifty followers, came to take possession of all we had. I treated them civilly, gave them chairs to sit on, tea and sweetmeats for their refreshment, and justice obliges me to say that they conducted the business of confiscation with more regard to my feelings than I should have thought it possible for Burmese officers to exhibit. The three officers, with one of the royal secretaries, alone entered the house—their attendants were ordered to remain outside. They saw I was deeply affected, and apologised for what they were about to do by saying that it was painful to them to take possession of property not their own, but they were compelled to do so by order of the King. ‘Where is your silver, gold, and jewels ?’ said the royal treasurer. ‘I have no gold or jewels, but here is the key of a trunk which contains the silver—do with it as you please.’ The trunk was produced and the silver weighed. ‘This money,’ said I, ‘was collected in America by the disciples of Christ, and sent here for the purpose of building a *kyoung* [the name of a priest’s dwelling] and for our support while teaching the religion of Christ.’ (The Burmese are averse to taking what is offered in a religious point of view, which was the cause of my making the inquiry.) ‘We will state the circumstance to the King,’ said one of them, ‘and perhaps he will restore it.’

“‘But is this all the silver you have ?’ I could not tell a falsehood. ‘The house is in your possession,’ I replied; ‘search for yourselves.’ ‘Have you not deposited silver with some person of your acquaintance ?' 'My acquaintances are all in prison. With whom should I deposit silver ?' They next ordered my trunk and drawers to be examined. The secretary only was allowed to accompany me in this search. Everything nice or curious which met his view was presented to the officers for their decision, whether it should be taken or retained. I begged they would not take our wearing apparel, as it would be disgraceful to take clothes partly worn into the possession of His Majesty, and to us they were of unspeakable value. They assented and took a list only, and did the same with the books, medicines, etc. My little work-table and rocking-chair, presents from my beloved brother, I rescued from their grasp, partly by artifice and partly through their ignorance. They left also many articles which were of inestimable value during our long imprisonment.

"As soon as they had finished their search and departed I hastened to the Queen's brother, to hear what had been the fate of my petition, when, alas! all my hopes were dashed by his wife's coolly replying, 'I stated your case to the Queen, but Her Majesty replied, "*The teachers will not die; let them remain as they are.*"' My expectations had been so much excited that this sentence was like a thunderclap to my feelings. For the truth at one glance assured me that if the Queen refused assistance who would dare to intercede for me ? With a heavy heart I departed, and on my way home attempted to enter the prison gate to communicate the sad tidings to your brother, but was harshly refused admittance, and for the ten days following, notwithstanding my daily efforts, I was not allowed to enter. We attempted to communicate by writing, and after being successful for a few days it was discovered ; the poor fellow who had carried the communications was beaten and put in the stocks, and the circumstance cost me about ten dollars, besides two or three days of agony for fear of consequences.

" The officers who had taken possession of our property presented it to His Majesty, saying, ' Judson is a true teacher ; we found nothing in his house but what belongs to priests. In addition to this money there are an immense number of books, medicines, trunks of wearing apparel, etc., of which we have only taken a list. Shall we take them or let them remain ? ' ' Let them remain,' said the King, ' and put this property by itself, for it shall be returned to him again if he is found innocent.' This was an allusion to the idea of his being a spy.

“ For three or four months following I was subject to continual harassments, partly through my ignorance of prison management, and partly through the insatiable desire of every petty officer to enrich himself through our misfortunes. When the officers came to our house to confiscate our property, they insisted on knowing how much I had given the Governor and prison officers to release the teachers from the inner prison. I honestly told them, and they demanded the sum from the Governor, which threw him into a dreadful rage, and he threatened to put all the prisoners back into their original place. I went to him the next morning, and the first words with which he accosted me were, ‘You are very bad; why did you tell the royal treasurer that you had given me so much money ? ’

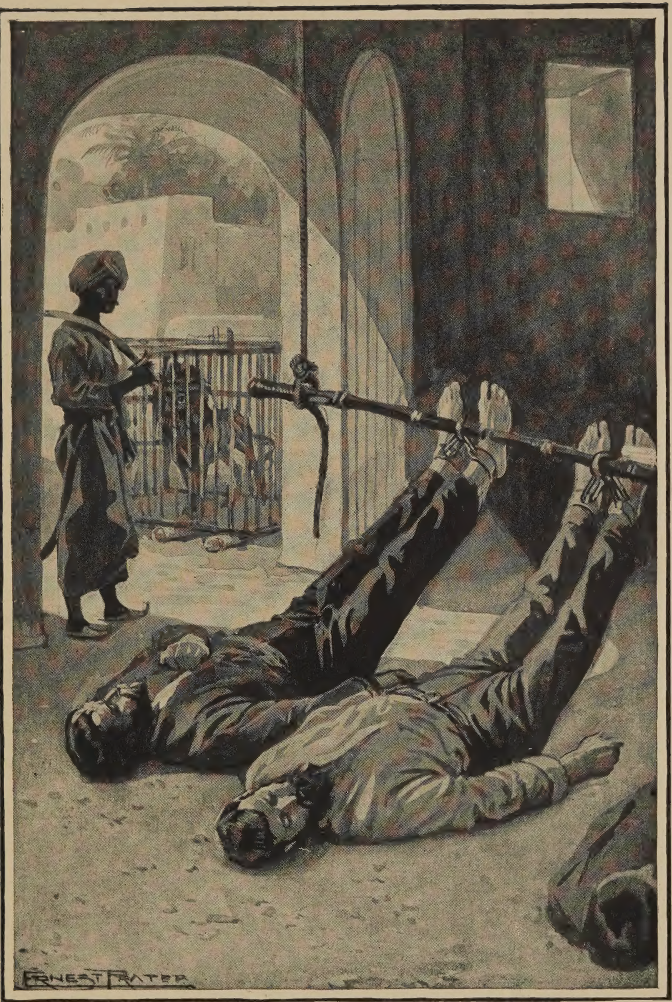
“ ‘The treasurer inquired; what could I say ? ’ I replied. ‘ Say that you had given nothing,’ said he, ‘ and I would have made the teachers comfortable in the prison, but now I know what will be their fate.’ ‘ But I cannot tell a falsehood,’ I replied; ‘ my religion differs from yours—it forbids prevarication. And had you stood by me with your knife raised, I would not have said what you suggest.’ His wife, who sat by his side, and who always from this time continued our firm friend, instantly said, ‘Very true; what else could she have done? I like such straightforward conduct; you must not [turning to the Governor] be angry with her.' I then presented the Governor with a beautiful opera-glass I had just received from England, and begged that his anger at me would not influence him to treat the prisoners with unkindness, and I would endeavour from time to time to make him such presents as would compensate for his loss. 'You may intercede for your husband only; for your sake he shall remain where he is; but let the other prisoners take care of themselves.' I pleaded hard for Dr. Price, but he would not listen, and the same day had him returned to the inner prison, where he remained ten days. He was then taken out in consequence of the doctor's promising a piece of broadcloth and by sending two pieces of handkerchiefs.

" About this period I was one day summoned to the Lutd'hau in an official way. What new evil was before me I knew not, but I was obliged to go. When arrived I was allowed to *stand* at the bottom of the stairs, as no female is permitted to ascend the steps, or even to stand, but sit on the ground. Hundreds were collected around. The officer who presided, in an authoritative voice, began: 'Speak the truth in answer to the questions I shall ask. If you speak true no evil will follow; but if not, your life will not be spared. It is reported that you have committed to the care of a Burmese officer a string of pearls, a pair of diamond ear-rings, and a silver teapot. Is it true?' 'It is not,' I replied, 'and if you or any other person can produce these articles I refuse not to die.' The officer again urged the necessity of 'speaking true.' I told him I had nothing more to say on this subject, but begged he would use his influence to obtain the release of Mr. Judson from prison."

So these terrible days passed, the same watchings for hours at a prison door, fruitless visits to hard-hearted and sometimes insulting officials, her little home ransacked, her servants driven away, and at last the growing weakness and suffering of this brave woman made it impossible for her to continue her efforts and appeals. The streets were crowded with shouting and maddened people, high officials as well as the lowest criminals finding themselves in prison at the desperate will of the King and his favourites; sometimes the judge who had tried the prisoners one day was himself pinioned and tortured the next. In the midst of all this turmoil and distress Mrs. Judson's little Maria was born. Meantime her husband was being carried to the death prison, the jailer, with a refinement of cruelty, making jokes about the manacles which were cutting into his flesh, and applying every form of torture to make his life unendurable. Death itself would have been some consolation, and when an attack of fever left him still more at the mercy of his enemies it looked as if the end must come.

There is no doubt that at one time Judson owed his life to the prompt assistance of the Bengalee servant of one of the English prisoners. The party were being dragged along, under a noonday sun, over the roughest ground, without shoes. The Bengalee took off his own turban and tore it into two pieces for his master and Mr. Judson; the latter wrapped it round his bleeding feet. But God had not forgotten his servant, and he was destined yet to witness a good confession and do noble work for the souls of these Burmese he loved so well.

A few weeks later and Mrs. Judson was again at the prison gate, pleading in a weaker voice, with her baby in her arms, for her husband's



DR. JUDSON IN A BURMESE PRISON

A bamboo pole was passed through their ankle fetters and then hoisted up. In this most painful position they had to pass the night tortured by mosquitoes.

life to be spared. Then one of her little Burmese girls caught smallpox, and her baby took it, and she herself, in shattered health, nursed the child, with fever raging within her at the same time. A Portuguese woman took the little one as the mother swooned away, the neighbours who watched her breathing and whispered with awe-stricken faces, "She is dead, and if the King of angels should come in He could not recover her." Providentially at this crisis Dr. Price got permission to see her, and his timely help saved her life. In these hours of trial and peril not only the lives of the missionaries were at stake, but their most precious possessions were at the mercy of their enemies.

Trials;

The little home of Judson had been ruthlessly ravaged, and his wife buried the invaluable manuscript of his Burmese New Testament in the ground under the house. This, however, was not considered a place of safety, and the damp might soon injure it, so she dug it up and decided to stuff a pillow with the papers, upon which her husband might lay his head. For weeks this was his resting-place, but on one occasion, when he was stripped and beaten, this was tossed away as rubbish, and was fortunately picked up and preserved by Moung Ing, who kept it safe and in secret until his release.

This came at last. The pride and insolence of Burma had been broken, her generals defeated, her troops fleeing in terror before the English, and at last the King had to make terms of peace. One of these was the immediate release of all foreigners, and after much haggling and Oriental evasion, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, Dr. Price and the other captives, half dead but feeling the pulse of returning hope at their deliverance, were brought to Sir Archibald Campbell. Here they were treated with the greatest kindness, and their heroic sufferings were at an end. But a great sorrow was yet to fall. They had removed to Amherst and begun again their mission work, Mrs. Judson arranging for a girls' school, and, during the absence of her husband with an English Commission at Ava, she, with her own hands, built a little bamboo house and schoolrooms. Then, while all alone, amongst strangers and natives only, she was stricken with fever, and while her converts and Burmese children smoothed her pillow, this, surely one of the noblest women in missionary history, weary soul passed to her rest.

Mrs.
Judson's
death.

Her broken-hearted husband hurried home, to stand by her grave, holding his motherless child, and she too drooped, like a frail little flower, and was laid in the same resting-place. Judson was now alone; he dried his tears and once more threw himself into his work.

CHAPTER XVII

BRAVE JUDSON, FAREWELL!

AT the suggestion of Sir Archibald Campbell, who was still the kind friend and protector of the missionaries, it was decided to transfer the mission to Maulmain, twenty-five miles farther up the river, as a more healthy and convenient base of operations. Mr. and Mrs. Wade had already arrived from America, and later came Mr. and Mrs. Boardman; this timely help enabled Judson to work afresh at his translations. He makes a note in his journal, under date 29th November 1829, that he has already prepared for the press a Catechism of Religion, in both Burmese and Siamese, a View of the Christian Religion, Liturgy, Baptismal Service, Teacher's Guide, works on Astronomy, Geography, and History, and the Golden Balance, or the Christian and Buddhist systems contrasted. He determined, however, to visit Prome, an ancient Burmese city, which might become a good sphere for mission work, 170 miles from Rangoon. He found only one European in the place, and he the object of much suspicion. The prospect did not seem very encouraging, but Judson managed to secure a bit of waste land in front of a pagoda, and soon set about building a mission house. But on every hand he found opposition, on the ground that he was a spy of the British, and there was not an inhabitant who had the courage to invite him to sit at his door. In his walks through the villages no smiles of welcome greeted him, and the wild dogs were allowed to bark at him, unchecked. Even his brave heart began to feel a shade of discouragement, for he writes in his journal these rather desponding words:

"Feel extremely dejected this evening. Never so heartily willing to enter into my rest, yet willing to offer, and I do, with some peculiar feelings, do offer my poor life to the Lord Jesus Christ, to do and to suffer whatever He shall appoint during my few remaining days. My followers feel some courage yet, for they have, I hope, a little faith, and they know also, that whatever storm comes, it will beat upon their teacher first." The British representative at Ava, Major H. Burney, was repeatedly pressed by the King to make Judson cease preaching and distributing tracts at Prome; and although he was assured that he had no connection whatever with any political or military matters, His Majesty insisted on his return to Rangoon. So at last he had to go, and as he left Prome in his own little boat, and saw once more the big idol, "Shway Landau," in whose shadow he had striven to preach the gospel, he bade farewell with this prophetic word: "Too firmly founded art thou, old pile, to be overthrown just at present; but the children of those who now plaster thee with good will yet pull thee down, nor leave one brick upon another."

One of his inquirers, a Government writer, named Moung Kynet-nee, stood alone at the water's edge to say good-bye, and cried after the departing missionary: "Mark me as your disciple; I pray to God every day; do you also pray for me; as soon as I can get free from my present engagements I intend to come down to Rangoon."

This city was founded several hundred years before the Christian era, and ever since, age after age, and year after year, the people had been sitting in darkness, and not until Judson came with his good news had any light fallen upon their path. He did not regret those three months of labour, though he saw so little fruit. He had distributed five hundred tracts in her streets, and these would not be lost. As an encouragement in this respect, he found, on his way down the river, a respectable old man who had, twelve years before, received a tract, and had carefully treasured it as the very word of truth. Back at Rangoon again he resumed his work, living in an old Burmese native hut, to which visitors had to ascend by a ladder and through a trap-door into the only room. Here he sat amongst his papers and books, speaking to his friends with hope and confidence about the future, bending down over the manuscripts, while around him flew the big black bats, whirling round and round, but hardly disturbing him. In another house the printing-press is at work, and as he hears its creak he says, "The press is a grand engine for Burma. Every pull of Brother Bennett at the press sends another ray of light through the darkness of the empire."

From time to time converts are added to the little Christian church, generally to exchange a life of comfort for one of persecution and suffering for conscience' sake. Sometimes it was not so. An old woman of seventy-four had listened to the preaching, and wished to declare herself a Christian, but was prevented by a whole host of children and grandchildren, who kept her securely from coming to the mission. At last, one night, she managed to elude their vigilance, and was secretly baptized. On her return from the water, while quietly hurrying home in her wet clothes, she met three of her sons, grown men, who had suspected something of this sort. She at first thought of running for her life, but then, in the flush of the happiness of being a disciple who had witnessed a good confession, she felt brave, and readily answered their rude questionings, "What have you been about, mother?" To this she meekly answered: "I have been baptized into the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, to the entire renunciation of the religion of our ancestors." To her astonishment and great relief the young men simply listened in wonder, and instead of abusive language, respectfully let her proceed on her way.

While at work here, many came to see him from far, beyond the limits of Burmese territory, asking for information and teaching, for the echoes of the gospel had somehow reached their ears. Judson writes about such experiences during a great religious event, which is full of interest.

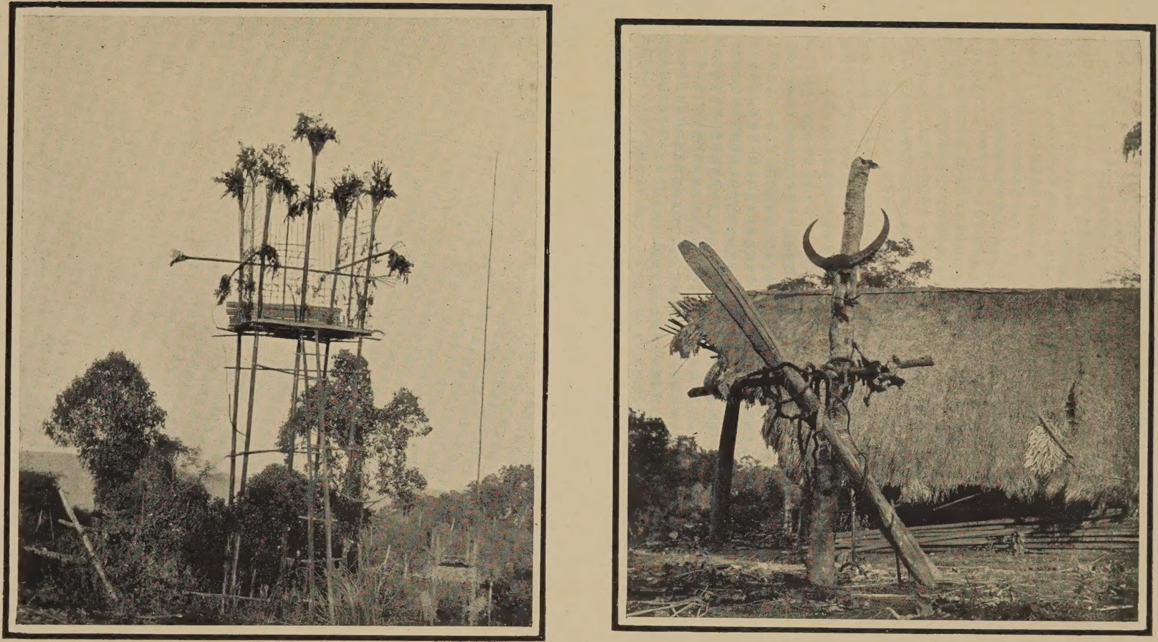
"The great annual festival," he says, "is just past, during which multitudes come from the remotest parts of the country to worship at the great Shway Dagong pagoda, in this place, where it is believed that several real hairs of Gautama are enshrined. During the festival I have given away nearly ten thousand tracts, giving to none but those who ask. I presume that there have been six thousand applications at the house. Some came two or three months' journey from the borders of Siam and China: 'Sir, we hear there is an eternal hell! We are afraid of it, do give us a writing that will tell us how to escape it.' Others came from the frontiers of Kathay, a hundred miles north of Ava: 'Sir, we have seen a writing that tells about an eternal God. Are you the man that gives away such writings?

If so, pray give us one, for we want to know the truth before we die.' Others came from the interior of the country, where the name of Jesus Christ is little known: 'Are you Jesus Christ's man? Give us a writing that tells about Jesus Christ.' Brother Bennett works day and night at the press; but he is unable to supply us, for the call is great at Maulmain and Tavoy, as well as here, and his types are very poor, and he has no efficient help. The fact is that we are very weak, and have to complain that hitherto we have not been well supported at home. It is most distressing to find, when we are almost worn out, and are sinking one after another, into the grave, that many of our brethren in Christ at home are just as hard and immovable as rocks; just as cold and repulsive as the mountains of ice in the polar seas."

One of the plans which occupied the mind of Judson at this time was to preach the gospel to the Karens, a wild and hitherto neglected people, amongst whom he had made already some visits, finding a cordial reception. They had a remarkable history, and were a deeply religious race, having a tradition handed down through centuries of a lost gospel, a revelation of God which would one day be restored to them by "white brothers from over the sea." In many of their ancient books were prayers similar to the Psalms of David. Unlike the Burmans, there was amongst their traditional beliefs an idea of the fall of man, and the name of their god very much resembled the word "Jehovah." A people with many pleasant characteristics, lovers of song and possessors of voices of wonderful sweetness, it is not surprising that the heart of Judson was warmly attracted to the Karens, and for them he laboured with unremitting zeal. Other helpers came, and the work went on, but it was in the jungles, where Boardman, his devoted colleague of years, met his death in an expedition to the Karen villages. The brave, unselfish missionary, who had been already rewarded by seeing thirty-two converts gathered in, was determined at any cost to push on, though so weak that he had to be carried on a litter. "The cause of God," he said, "is of more importance than my health, and if I return now our whole object will be defeated." A storm of rain and wind burst upon his unsheltered form; his faithful Karens bore him to a shed which, however, proved to be "a house of their gods," and under the dripping umbrellas the new missionary, Mr. Mason, read the 34th Psalm, and finally, uncomplainingly, he passed away, murmuring, "Oh, how kind and good our Father in heaven is to me." This was a great loss to the mission, and Judson felt it keenly, for they had been brothers in work and adversity.

The solitude of the jungle was not strange to Judson. At one time he built himself a sort of hermitage just on the borders of its dark recesses, and here, all alone, he worked at his translations, eating just as much rice as necessary for life; and at another period he disappeared for forty days and nights, fasting and praying under the shadows of the untrodden jungle. There was a strain of the ascetic and mystic in this remarkable personality.

Eventually the widow of Mr. Boardman became the second wife of Judson, and was a true helpmeet and comfort to him. Several children brightened his little home, and for a time he was able in quietness to toil on at his translation work; but a new trial awaited him. Mrs. Judson's health became so precarious that he felt it his duty to take her to her native



KACHIN ALTARS

The Kachins, like all the Hill tribes, are Animists or Spirit (Nat) worshippers. These spirits are believed to possess and exercise good or evil powers. Altars are erected in the fields and jungles and offerings of food placed thereon to keep the spirits well disposed. The food is usually eaten by the crows.

land, where, in America, she might, by medical skill and rest, regain her strength. This was, however, not to be. On the way the ship sprung a leak and had to put in at Port Louis, in the Isle of France, where they stayed a short time. Then on the voyage she was again taken very ill, and died on board just outside the island of St. Helena, and her grave, the resting-place of a true soldier of the Cross, is not far from the tomb of Napoleon. Her life had not been spent in vain, for as a missionary in Burma she had spent years of valiant effort, bearing hardships without a murmur, often conducting worship herself among the Karens; and by her talents in translating she was able to give the *Pilgrim's Progress* to the Burmese, and write many hymns and Scripture tracts for the Sunday schools. On her tombstone is the verse:

"She sleeps sweetly here, on the rock of the ocean,
Away from the home of her youth,
And far from the land where with heartfelt devotion
She scattered the bright beams of truth."

With his motherless children Judson continued the voyage home, and reached Boston on 15th October 1845, after an absence of thirty-three years. So many changes had taken place: his parents and brothers had passed away, and many of the friends of his youth were either old men now, or would be there to welcome his home-coming no more. He had even some anxious thoughts, as the ship drew into Boston harbour, as to where in the city he would find a suitable lodging for himself and his little ones. But those misgivings were quite unnecessary. A hundred homes were ready to throw open their doors and receive him as an honoured guest; in fact, had it not been for his spirit of humility, which shunned all show, he might have been received with all the acclamation of a public reception. He marvelled as he paced those streets once more: here were railways which he had never seen before; in the harbour lay trim steam vessels with long streaks of steam and smoke; all the faces he met were strange and new; the buildings spoke of a new Boston grown up since his day. He could hardly understand where he was or what was expected of him under such new conditions. As he sat in the railway carriage at the station a boy came along calling out the daily newspaper, and, looking in, said to Mr. Judson, "Do you want a paper, sir?" "Yes, thank you," was the reply of Judson, with a smile. But the boy lingered, expectant of payment, and a lady passenger had to explain that "the boy expects to be paid for his paper." "Why," said Judson, with astonishment, "I have been distributing papers gratuitously in Burma so long that I had no idea the boy was expecting any pay."

Return home

When he made his first public appearance in the largest place of worship in the city, crowds assembled to see the man who had done so much and suffered even more in the mission field. It must be borne in mind that a missionary, home from abroad, was not such a common incident as now. When he rose, in response to the cordial and affectionate welcome of his brethren, introduced to the President Dr. Wayland, with the words, "I present you Jesus Christ's man," and all the audience broke into a cheer of welcome, Judson hung his head, for in his inmost being he shrank from this praise of men. Those who expected from this thin, bronzed, weary man a flow of oratory were doomed to disappointment; indeed, his voice was so faint and husky that, acting on the orders of his physician, "someone had to stand by his side to repeat his simple heartfelt words. Even those who naturally expected the recital of vivid missionary incidents, the description of trial and adventure, went away wondering that he had not said anything about himself. Afterwards the disappointment of the people, because he told them no stories, was mentioned privately to him. He had simply sat down, recommending all to render homage and service to Him in memory of "what He has done for us, and what we owe to Him." "Well," said Judson, "I am sure I gave them a story—the most thrilling one that can be conceived of."

"But they had heard it before. They wanted something new of a man who had just come from the Antipodes."

"Then I am glad to have it to say," said Judson, "that a man coming from the Antipodes had nothing better to tell than the wondrous story of Jesus' dying love. My business is to preach the gospel of Christ, and when I can speak at all I dare not trifle with my commission. When I looked upon these people to-day and remembered where I should next meet them, how could I stand up and furnish food to vain curiosity—tickle their

upon
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home

fancies with amusing stories, however decently strung together on a thread of religion? This is not what Christ meant by preaching the gospel. And then how could I hereafter meet the fearful charge: 'I gave you one opportunity to tell them of Me—you spent it in describing your own adventures."

Nothing could exceed the kindness of his many friends, and these great public assemblies, at which the leading ministers vied with each other in assuring Judson of their love and appreciation of his work, touched his heart, though he shrank from so much praise. It was, however, evident that his heart was still in Burma; he wanted to get back to his beloved people, and in spite of the good advice offered him to stay longer and get his health restored, he would go. So, after his third marriage, he packed his luggage again with a light heart, and on the 11th July 1846 bade farewell to his friends and sailed away for Burma.

In four months he had reached the old sphere of his labours, and found missionaries hard at work at Maulmain; later on he moved to Rangoon, where he found much persecution of the little church of Christian converts from the *Ray-woon* as the Vice-Governor was called, a particularly cruel and unscrupulous official.

He applied his energies to the completion of his Burmese dictionary, and gave in his letters some amusing accounts of his place of residence, which he called Bat Castle, because of a perfect army of these precious tenants, which in daytime filled the air with what he calls "a cricket-like music"; but at night the real trouble began. The mosquito-curtains were their only chance of securing a little sleep, but here is a cheerful account which Mr. Judson gives of their home discomforts:

"The other night I awoke faint, with a feeling of suffocation; and without waiting to think jumped out on the floor. You would have thought Old Nick himself had come after you, for of course you believe these firm friends of the *ladies of the broomstick* incipient imps. If there is nothing wickeder about them than about the little sparrows that come in immense swarms to the same beams, pray, what do they do through all the hours of darkness, and why do they crick and whizz about a poor mortal's head, flap their villainous wings in one's face, and then whisk away as if snickering at the annoyance? We have had men at work nearly a week trying to thin them out, and have killed a great many hundreds, but I suppose their little demoniacal souls come back, each with an attendant, for I am sure there are twice as many as at first. Everything—walls, tables, chairs—are stained by them. Beside the bats we are blessed with our full share of cockroaches, beetles, spiders, lizards, rats, ants, and mosquitoes."

While they were bearing these discomforts at Rangoon, the Judsons heard that their house at Maulmain, with all their clothing, books and furniture, had been burned to the ground. Perhaps the greatest grief was to think that all the presents they had brought with them, the little comforts and home gifts from their friends, had been all consumed. Neither did things improve at Rangoon. Sickness broke out, and the old brick house, with its bats, became a hospital, where not only the wives and children of the missionaries had to take refuge, but a state of starvation increased their miseries. No milk could be had, the rice was scant and unwholesome, and one day the man who supplied the food in the bazaar took pity on them and sent a tempting dish, which, after they had enjoyed, he confessed was a stew of rats! Poor Mrs. Judson, who does not seem to have had quite the patience and fortitude of her predecessors, writes to her American friends in a doleful way:

"Trouble on trouble—trouble on trouble! You could scarcely imagine, dear Aunt Cynthia, people in a worse condition than we are now. Last Saturday evening Dr. J. came into my room with red eyes and a voice all tremulous with weeping. 'We must be at the worst now,' he said; 'and in all my troubles in this dreadful country I never before looked on so discouraging a prospect. We are hunted down here like wild beasts; watched by Government, and plotted against by Catholic priests. The churches at home have made no provision for our going to Ava, the Governor is importuned to send us out of the country, and we could not go to Maulmain if we wished, and you are failing every day—it seems to me dying before my eyes—without the possibility of obtaining either medicines or a physician.'"

But it was not so much their personal trials which distressed Judson. He was convinced that the only course to save the mission was for them to go up to Ava, and there, where he had a friend at court, something could be done and the safety of the work assured. In this he was bitterly disappointed. When he had made all his preparations, had obtained permission of the Governor to go up the river, and a little light appeared on the horizon, no money came from the Society at home, and with keen discouragement he murmured, "I thought they loved me. . . . All through our troubles I was comforted with the thought that my brethren in Maulmain and in America were praying for us, and they have never once thought of us." When permission and funds did arrive it was too late; his spirit, so brave until then, was broken at last. His friends had not forgotten him; their only care was lest he should endanger his life or destroy the possibility of completing his great work. He answered with a sad resignation.

"Considering, therefore, the uncertainty of life and the state of my manuscripts, so effaced by time or so erased and interlined as to be illegible to any other person but myself, I have thought it my duty to forego, for the present, what I cannot but regard as an interesting expedition, in order to drive forward the heavy work of the dictionary in the most satisfactory manner and without increasing the hazard of any serious interruption."

With a cheerful spirit he at last picks up the thread of his work, getting a brisk walk in the early morning and then burying himself in his pile of manuscripts. "Scratch-cratch, puzzle-puzzle, and when he gets deep in the mire," says his wife, "out on the verandah, with your humble servant by his side, walking and talking (*kaning* we call it in Burman) till the point is elucidated, and then down again—and so on till ten o'clock in the evening."

In some respects these days, busy as they were, were as bright and happy as any in his life, but his strength was failing fast, and he knew in his own heart that the end was not far off. One of his children had taken cold, and he exposed himself to a fresh trouble in his lungs, with a fever following. His last letter to their friends at home was written in pencil—"I cannot manage a pen,"—a pathetic admission of weakness, and the only chance for him was a short sea voyage, in the hope that the breath of the ocean would revive the drooping energies of his vital powers. He was carried to the boat by the hands of his weeping converts, and when his wife, who had to be left behind, said a final word, his remark was, "Death will never take me by surprise—do not be afraid of that. I feel *so strong in Christ.* He has not led me so tenderly thus far to forsake me at the very gate of heaven. No, no. I am willing to live a few years longer if it should be so ordered, but, if otherwise, I am willing and glad to die now."

His death,

He had not gone far, the mountains of Burma were lessening in the distance, when he became much worse, and turned his dying eyes to that land for whose salvation he had poured out his very life. He told the native servant to "take care of poor mistress," and then, speaking to his friend and watcher of the love of Christ, his favourite theme, he smiled and said, "It is all right there."

And so he passed away in peace. His desire to be laid to rest in the waters of the deep was granted, for they made a rough coffin of boards, weighted with sand, and in perfect silence the body of Adoniram Judson was committed to those still deeps to wait until "the sea gives up its dead."

CHAPTER XVIII

IN BURMA TO-DAY

THE sun is shining on the new Rangoon, with its quays and modern streets, and glitters on the wavelets of the old Irrawaddy as it sweeps towards the sea. The bells of the Anglican cathedral have been ringing this morning, and there is a bustle and excitement in the air, crowds of visitors from America and elsewhere meeting where the trees throw a flickering shadow, and saying, "It is a hundred years since Judson landed on these shores."

It is a high day of thanksgiving for the American Baptist Mission, which great society owes its creation to the adoption of Judson as its first missionary. The Cushing Hall is crowded, and at the door the students of the Baptist college, fifteen hundred of both sexes, give a hearty welcome as the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Harvey Adamson, drives up in his motor-car, the college band playing the National Anthem. Behind the platform, inside, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes are interwoven, and above, a map, dotted with mission stations, is the motto, "Burma for Christ." The Chairman eulogises the memory of Judson, speeches are delivered, not only in English but in Burman and Karen, and some native ladies sing solos in the same euphonious tongues. Some personal touches will never be forgotten. An old silver-haired lady is called to the platform to say a word—it is Miss Cornelia Judson, the grand-niece of the missionary. She has travelled from India, where, as a worker, she still keeps up the family tradition. The "five little girls" Mrs. Judson used to write about are here too; they married missionaries and are themselves veterans now. One recalls how Judson used to visit her mother at Maulmain and talk of his trials and triumphs. Another, how she stood on the shore as his boat pushed off, which led to a grave beneath the waves. Then from the lips of a third we get sprightly memories of, when a little girl, he would bring the children out for an early morning walk up Pagoda Hill, sometimes ere the stars had closed their eyes, and how he made his wife, Mrs. Emily Judson, race him home, giving her a good start, like the gentleman he was. Also comes a little translation story. When Judson married a widow lady there was an unexplained flutter amongst the Karen converts. One of them, a pious catechist, came up and asked him whether he was really a good Christian! Dr. Judson asked why these doubts? The Karen pointed to the passage in the Burmese Bible: "Surely He will deliver thee from the snare of the *widow*." It appears that "fowler" had no Burmese equivalent other than "hunter," and in this Bible the feminine form had given an impression which Judson, of course, speedily corrected.

But not only in Rangoon but at Maulmain there is a rally of scholars in the Judson compound from the A.B.M. Burmese Boys' School, the Morton-Lane Burmese Girls' School, the English Girls' High School, the Karen School from Dinewoonquin, and the Mizpah Hall Tamil and Telugu School. It was a sight to see their marchings and exercises to the old tunes of "Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," a merry tune in honour of their founder's memory; afterwards a quiet little group go and strew fragrant flowers on the grave of the first Mrs. Judson, the immortal Ann Hasseltine, "Ann of Ava."

Why all this joy and thanksgiving to God? It can hardly be answered in figures, but while Judson waited for six years for his first convert it is cause for gratitude to know that now there are some seventy thousand native members of the Baptist Mission, and taking the nominal Christian worshippers this number is more than doubled. The Government census gives the Christian population at two hundred and ten thousand, equal to one to every fifty-eight of the population. This, of course, includes those associated with the work of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, with its schools, hospitals, churches and orphanages thoughout the country. Over even the twisted domes of her old pagodas the sunrise of a brighter day is breaking in Burma.

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